

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

VOL. XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1892

No. 3

PROGRESSION IN STEAM NAVIGATION, 1807-1892

THEN AND NOW

THE unimaginative mind cannot keep pace with the results of the power of invention. We cross the oceans in floating palaces, heedless of the luxury which we had no agency in creating, and hardly pausing to think of the short period of time since white sails, guided by the uncertain wind, were, apart from rude oars, the only propelling force for ships and boats, both large and small. It seems incredible that but eighty-five years have elapsed since the first successful application of the forces of the steam-engine to move a boat any considerable distance over the water was witnessed on the Hudson river between New York and Albany.

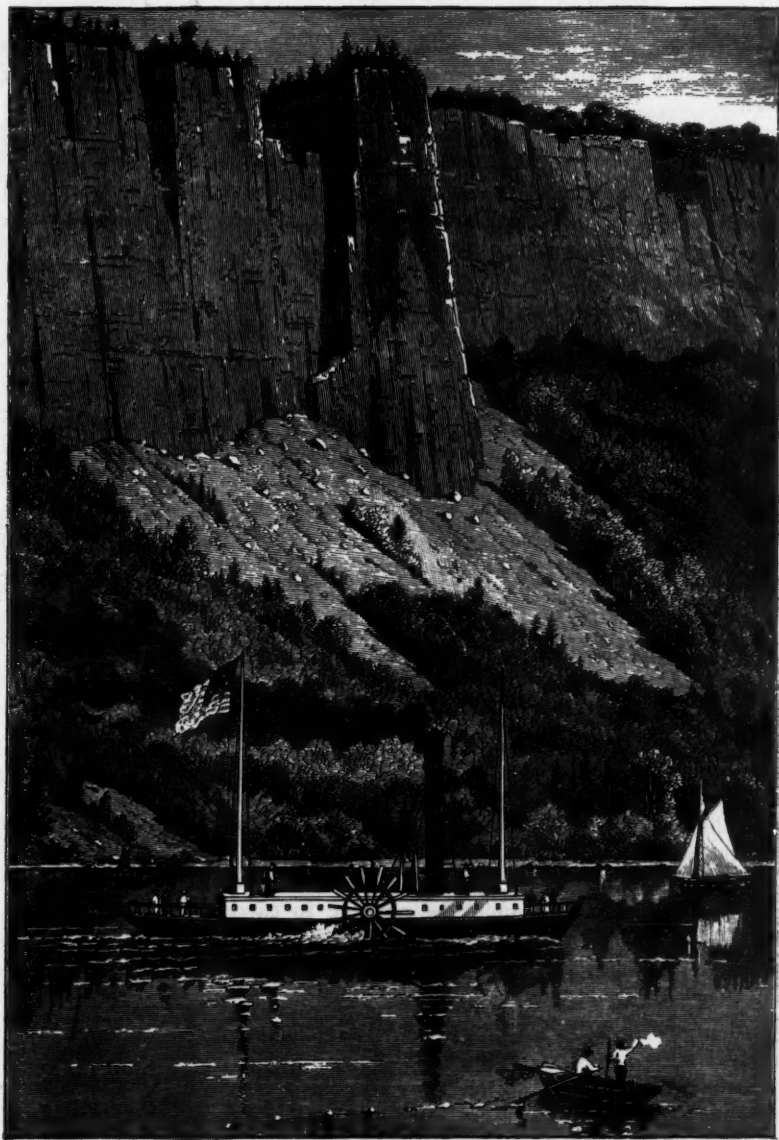
The *Clermont* did not spring into its full stature from the brain of Robert Fulton, but his practical devices and heroic efforts planted the first important step in a marvelous progression. There was contagion in his experiments, magnetic power in his example. All preceding efforts had been in a certain sense sporadic although preparatory; but Fulton contrived a combination of means that finally started the world into building steamboats for actual service.

The first steam-ship that crossed the Atlantic ocean, the *Savannah*, was built at Corlear's Hook, in New York city—a full-rigged sailing-packet to be used between New York and Savannah. She was purchased by Mr. Scarborough of Savannah, and fitted with steam machinery, the paddle-wheels being constructed to fold up and be laid on deck when not in use, her shaft also having a joint for that purpose. Thus it will be observed that in this primitive enterprise steam was only an auxiliary force. The *Savannah* was placed in charge of Captain Moses Rogers, who had previously commanded the *Clermont*, also the *Phoenix* built by Colonel John Stevens, which, in 1808, was taken from New York, *via* the ocean, to Philadelphia, by Robert L. Stevens the son of John, who was the first inventor to trust himself on the open sea in a vessel that relied entirely upon steam power; and she sailed from Savannah for Liverpool May 26, 1819, arriving at her destination June 20, 1819. From Liverpool the *Savannah* sailed July 23,

for the Baltic, touching at Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and other ports. An effort was made to sell her to Russia, but failed. At St. Petersburg Lord Lyndock, who had been a passenger, was landed, and on taking leave of the captain of the vessel presented him with a silver tea-kettle inscribed with a legend referring to the importance of the event. The *Savannah* returned safely to the United States, notwithstanding her meeting with severe gales on the Atlantic, and her steam machinery was subsequently removed and sold to the Allaire Works of New York. She was then employed as a sailing vessel on the line between New York and Savannah, as originally intended, and was finally wrecked on the south coast of Long Island in 1822.

Not until 1838, however, was the possibility of steam communication between England and America demonstrated beyond a doubt. Thus the wonders that have been achieved in ocean navigation are chiefly compressed within one half century. The truthful account of them reads like a stupendous fable. John Fitch, the eccentric but ingenious Connecticut mechanic, who tried so many devices to propel boats by steam prior to 1800, predicted with an assurance that provoked wholesale derision that the ocean would eventually be crossed by steam-vessels, and that fame and riches would come to many men from his inventions. Fitch made his last experiment with a little *screw* steamboat, in 1796, on the Fresh Water pond in New York city—which occupied the site of the present gloomy Tombs in Centre street—and the model of this boat is now in the museum of the New York Historical Society. (See page 173.) John Fitch died in 1798.

Robert Fulton's history is a chapter of intense interest. Every school-boy has learned it by heart. His failures, one after another, were nearly as useful to the world as his final success. When the *Clermont* sailed for Albany one bright midsummer day in 1807, very few believed it would ever reach its destination. Those who stood upon its deck as invited guests were prepared for any emergency. All New York saw this new-fangled craft depart on its voyage with acute expectation of disaster. As it was passing the Palisades, the noise of its machinery and paddle-wheels so startled a farmer at his plow that he ran home to tell his wife he had seen "the devil on his way up the river in a saw-mill!" As night came on, many persons described the strange sight as "a monster moving on the waters, defying wind and tide, and breathing flames and smoke." Pine wood was used for fuel, hence the blaze frequently shot into the skies above the tall smoke-stack, and whenever the fire was replenished mingled smoke and fiery sparks would rise a great distance into the air. It was a terrific spectacle for the crews of little sailing-vessels, and many a stout



THE "CLERMONT" OF ROBERT FULTON PASSING THE PALISADES, 1807.

[From Mrs. Lamb's "*History of the City of New York*."]]

sailor fell on his knees in humble prayer for protection as the strange thing rapidly approached, while others jumped into the water and swam ashore.

Fulton's most important work in this exploit, aside from giving to the world the fruits of the inventive genius of all who had preceded him, was the experimental determination of the magnitude and the laws of ship-resistance, and the systematic proportioning of vessel and machinery to the work to be done by them. He was also, later on, the first to design and build a war-steamer, authorized by congress in March, 1814, which for the time was a most remarkable production, and by far the largest steam-vessel built before 1838. The *Fulton the First* was a fitting monument to the genius of the man who unfortunately did not live to see her completion and successful trials. On the fourth of July, 1815, she first moved upon the waters, steaming outside of Sandy Hook and back, some fifty-three miles, in eight hours and twenty minutes. She was never commissioned, the war having ended, and was used as a receiving ship at New York until 1829, when she accidentally blew up.

"The general slowness with which men in the early part of the century received the idea of the mighty changes impending may be recognized when we look over the few publications connected with navigation then published," writes Commander F. E. Chadwick in *Ocean Steamships*.^{*} "Mind seemed to move more slowly in those days; communication was tedious and difficult. Edinburgh was as far from London, in length of time taken for the journey, as is now London from New Orleans; few papers were published; there were no scientific journals of value; no great associations of men given to meeting and discussing scientific questions, excepting the few ponderous societies which dealt more in abstract questions than in the daily advances of the mechanical world. It was thus that the steam vessel came slowly to the front, and that it took more than a third of the whole time which has elapsed since Fulton's successful effort to convince men that it might be possible to carry on traffic by steam across the Atlantic. Dr. Lardner is almost chiefly remembered by his famous unwillingness to grant the possibilities of steaming directly from New York to Liverpool, and by this remark: 'As to the project which was announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it is perfectly chimerical, and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon.' He strongly urged dividing the transit by using Ireland as one of the inter-

^{*} *Ocean Steamships*: A popular account of their construction, development, management, and appliances. With ninety-six illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 298.

mediate stops, and going thence to Newfoundland. He curiously limited the size of ships which might be used, and their fuel-carrying powers. Though a philosopher, he did not seem to grasp that if a steamship had grown to what it was in 1835 from the small beginnings of 1807, it might even grow more."

Such was the general state of mind when the Great Western Steamship Company was formed in 1836. Up to that date America was greatly ahead of England in the number and development of steam vessels. In the year 1830 there were eighty-six steamboats on the Hudson river and Long Island Sound, and they were in use on the Great Lakes, the Mississippi river and other inland waters. Charleston and Savannah had regular steam communication with our northern ports. But the passage of the ocean, despite the incredulity existing, was most earnestly desired, and thus many eyes were turned to the construction of the *Great Western* at Bristol, of one thousand three hundred and forty tons, a steamship of unprecedented size—as was believed needful for power and coal-carrying capacity. At the same time the *Sirius*, of seven hundred tons, which had been employed between London and Cork, was purchased by a rival enterprise, and prepared for a voyage to America. The two vessels steamed into New York bay on the same day, April 23, 1838, the *Sirius* in the morning, and the *Great Western* in the afternoon, having made the voyage in one-half the time usually occupied by sailing packets. The event was one of inexpressible significance, and these steamships were greeted with the booming of cannon from all the forts and men-of-war in the harbor, the merchantmen dipping their flags, and the assembled throngs on the Battery and in small boats on the water shouting and cheering with the greatest possible enthusiasm. Trans-oceanic steam service was by these voyages securely inaugurated, and has ever since been constantly developing in extent and importance.

The *Great Western* started on her return passage May 7, with sixty-six passengers; and within the succeeding five years made seventy-four voyages across the Atlantic. The *Sirius* was considered too small for the long and boisterous route, and was withdrawn. She had consumed her whole supply of fuel before passing Sandy Hook, and sacrificed all her spare spars and forty-three barrels of rosin in order to enter the upper bay under steam. The art and science of ship-building was henceforward studied with keen, freshly sharpened vigor on both sides of the Atlantic. What a saving of valuable time if the mails could only be transported by steam! The *Great Western's* average time in crossing the Atlantic was fifteen days, her fastest trip twelve days and eighteen hours. Perhaps

this speed could be increased? The steam-engine itself might be improved? Someone must invent a better form of screw. Why cannot more steel be used in the machinery to lighten some of its parts? We must have higher pressures and greater expansions. Human ingenuity and genius and activity were inspired to heroic efforts. Achievements presently overlapped one another. The progress that seemed slow from month to month was swift and certain, as it now appears. Without pausing among the statistics to note the various degrees on the wonderful records, it is interesting to bridge the half century and compare the *Great Western* with the *Majestic*, and her triumph in crossing the Atlantic in five days, eighteen hours, and eight minutes, reaching New York August 5, 1891—an event that thrilled every nation. Yet the *Majestic* only held the coveted place at the head of her class for two weeks. The *Teutonic* then steamed into New York harbor, having made the voyage in five days, sixteen hours, and thirty minutes. Recently the *City of Paris* made the voyage in five days, fifteen hours, and fifty-eight minutes.

In the approaching Columbian exposition there can be exhibited no more impressive feature of the world's advance than the history of the development and progress of steam navigation. It is to be hoped that the various steps will be made completely visible and tangible. In describing the beautiful array of models at the international exhibition at Liverpool in 1886, Commander Chadwick says: "They represented almost every stage of progress in British steamship building, from the *Comet* onward, and one could not help regretting that an effort had not been made by our government to bring together models illustrative of our earlier practice. Models of the *Clermont*; of the Stevens experimental screw boat; a later Mississippi steamer; the *Savannah*; the *Washington*, pioneer of regular transatlantic steam traffic under our flag; the *Adriatic*; the Hudson river and great sound steamers of to-day, would, apart from any war-ship models, have made a most interesting and attractive collection. The steamboat had in its earlier days a much greater extension in America than elsewhere. Our great rivers were an especially attractive field for its use. The Mississippi had but lately come under our control, and the beginning of the great tide of western emigration and exploration was almost coincident with the steamboat's advent, so that through these favoring conditions it had a much more rapid growth among us than elsewhere. Yet the only American things visible were the drawings of a New York ferry-boat (the type of which, by the way, we owe to Fulton) so placed as to be scarcely discoverable. These boats are so typical, so different from anything found in Europe, and so



THE GREAT WESTERN. FROM AN OLD PAINTING.

interesting to any student of steam ferriage as to thorough adaptation of means to an end, that a complete model of the boat and its ferry-slip would have been a most satisfactory addition.

The display, however, of British models was as complete as it could well be made. Private owners and builders, the admiralty, and Lloyd's registry, united to make the collection a very complete and perfect one. The exhibition, of course, did not confine itself to the steam era alone. It even had a model of an Egyptian vessel, which was exhibited by the Liverpool Library Society, as taken from Thebes, and estimated to date about 1500 B.C., and which Moses himself might have seen. It was a long stretch, however, to the next in date, as no others antedated 1700 A.D. There were many of the handsome and dignified eighteenth century men-of-war, built at a time when men began to preserve a record of their work in the miniature ships which are now esteemed an essential addition to almost every vessel of importance put afloat. Firms exist at present whose only business it is to make the various minute fittings—the posts, chains, anchors, blocks, etc., of the Liliputian craft, so that every detail of the original is given with an exact verisimilitude very often in most beautiful

and elaborate work. The only exhibits of modern war-ships at Liverpool were those of England and Italy, unless we except the numerous vessels built for foreign powers by English builders. The remainder of the display was chiefly connected with the strife for commerce, and in this it is likely to remain as complete and comprehensive as can be made in some time to come."

The application of steam to the propulsion of vessels has been most inconceivably fruitful, and the hint afforded by the omission of the United States to contribute to its own annals in the exhibition at Liverpool should awaken every American citizen to a sense of duty in 1893. Dear reader, we are told on good authority that there are five hundred million dollars invested in ocean-going steamships sailing from the port of New York alone! We see here the realization of the industry, energy, hopes, disappointments, and prophecies of a long line of persistent, far-seeing inventors, who had the misfortune to live too soon—certainly in advance of their contemporaries. Each profited to some extent by the experience of predecessors. Many important as well as crude ideas came out of the past, and going backward out of a still more remote past. It is such history that should be traced in the most critical and thorough manner at this particular juncture, when the whole world is stimulated to thought and research as never before. Spain is already in the field with her reproduction of the *Santa Maria*, and she may possibly send to Chicago the model of the vessel of two hundred tons, made in 1543 by Blasco de Garay, a Spanish naval officer, in the harbor of Barcelona—a boat said to have been moved by paddle-wheels, with a "vessel of boiling water" in the apparatus. A description of paddle-wheels applied to vessels, illustrated by a quaint wood-cut, may be found in the old French work of Fammelli, 1588. It is stated that the Roman army under Claudius Caudex was taken across to Sicily in boats propelled by paddle-wheels turned by oxen. A scientific tract was published at Orleans in 1569, probably written by Benson, in which is described very intelligently the process of generation of steam through the communication of heat to water, and its peculiar properties. There is, as we all know, very little to record in these early centuries. But that little is worth knowing and preserving.

In 1690, Dyonysius Papin, physician to the elector of Cassel, also a mathematician of celebrity who had learned much from the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, having constructed a piston-engine, tried to use it in driving paddle-wheels to propel vessels; and in 1707 he applied the steam-engine, which he had purposed as a pumping-engine, to driving a model boat on the Fulda at Cassel. An account of his experiments is preserved in manu-

script in the royal library at Hanover. His pumping-engine forced up water to turn a water-wheel, which in turn was made to drive the paddles. He failed, however, to obtain permission of the electoral councillors to dispatch his "vessel of singular construction down the river Weser to Bremen;" and a mob of boatmen, afflicted with that jealousy which is cross-eyed and forever seeing round the corner what never existed, attacked the strange craft at night and utterly destroyed it, Papin narrowly escaping with his life. In 1736, Jonathan Hulls constructed a steam-engine for ship propulsion, expecting to employ his craft as a tow-boat, and obtained for it an English patent. He wrote a pamphlet, in which he gave a very clear and distinct idea of the subject. It is said he built a fine model which he tried with such poor success that his neighbors laughed at him, and his efforts came to an end.

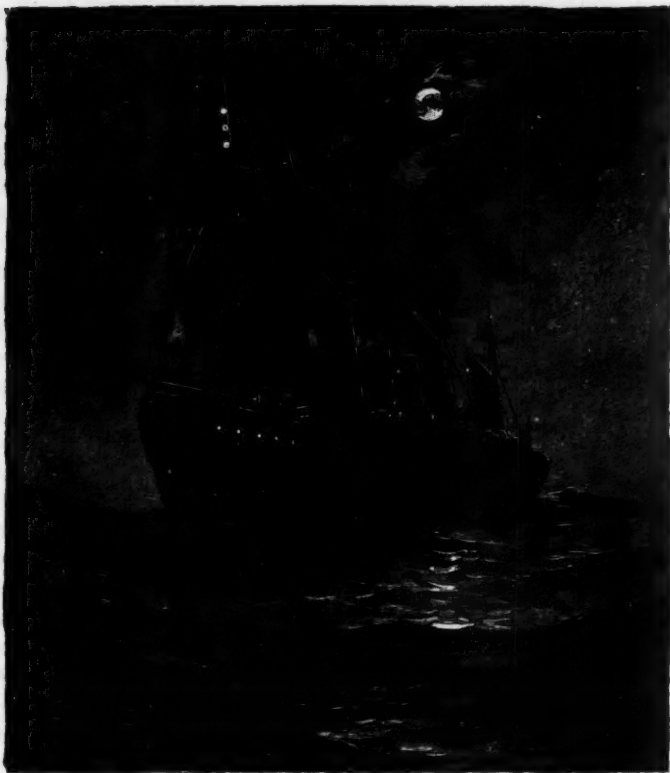
The first attempt in the United States to construct a steam-boat was made in 1763 by William Henry, a bright, ingenious, well-balanced investigator, who was of the same family as Patrick Henry. He had been to England on business and heard the great invention of James Watt discussed on every side. On his return he built a steam-engine and placed it in a boat fitted with paddle-wheels, and tried it on the Contesga river near his home in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but through some mismanagement it was wrecked. He tried a second model with improvements without avail. He



THE GANG PLANK (1892) JUST BEFORE SAILING.
[From "Ocean Steamships."]

declared that such a boat would come into use on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi; he had not the least doubt of it, but the time had not yet arrived for its appreciation and support. Benjamin West was a friend and *protégé* of Henry, and was influenced by the latter to undertake historical pictures. Robert Fulton when twelve years old visited Henry to study the paintings of West, and was captivated by the model steamboats which Henry had made. John Fitch was an acquaintance and frequent visitor of Henry, and while at Henry's house his attention was first called to the possibilities of using steam to propel vessels. Thomas Paine, author of *Common Sense*, at one time lived with Henry, and afterward, in 1788, proposed that congress take up the subject of steam navigation for the benefit of the country. Nothing came of all these efforts in that period, yet the facts should be known and brought into the foreground if the great potent factor of human progress is to be intelligently understood in all its bearings. What we see to-day is the logical result of a slow but sure evolution—the outgrowth of lessons learned in preceding times, not least among which were those in the science of calculation, otherwise mathematics, covering a vast field of experimental development.

The first experimental steamboat-engine built in America is said to have been made in 1773 by Christopher Colles, a lecturer before the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, the engineer who subsequently was the first to suggest canals between the Hudson river and the Great Lakes. James Rumsey, of Maryland birth, should be remembered for his untiring attempts to construct and navigate boats by the force of steam. As early as 1784 he visited Washington at Mount Vernon, and exhibited to the great general his model of a boat, which was afterwards patented in several states. In 1787 he launched a little steamboat on the Potomac and made a successful trial trip, witnessed by a large concourse of people; and he was granted the rights of navigating the streams of Maryland, Virginia, and some other states. The Rumsey Society, of which Franklin was a member, was founded in Philadelphia in 1788 to further his schemes. He then went to England and obtained patents for his invention in several European countries, and a boat and machinery were built for him, and a successful trial trip made on the Thames in 1792; but he died while preparing for another experiment. He was involved in a bitter controversy with John Fitch as to the priority of their inventions, whose first model for a steamboat was completed in 1785. Fitch's second boat was tried on the Delaware at Philadelphia in 1787, in the presence of the framers of the Constitution who were in session in that city—and it was in a measure satisfactory, although in general respects a failure. Nathan



THE NIGHT SIGNAL OF A DISABLED STEAMER, 1892.

[From "Ocean Steamships."]

Read of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard in 1781, was the inventor of the vertical multitubular fire-box boiler, now in general use, which gave him great distinction. In 1788 he designed a steamboat fitted with paddle-wheels and a crank to be turned with the hand, and by trial satisfied himself that the system would work. In 1789 he applied to congress, then convened in New York, for a patent—was the first petitioner for a patent before the patent law was enacted—and it was granted him in 1791; James Rumsey, John Fitch, and John Stevens all receiving patents at the same date for various methods of applying steam to the propulsion of vessels. Samuel Moray of New Hampshire began experimenting with a

steamboat in 1790, built by himself and fitted with paddle-wheels driven by a steam-engine of his own design. He made a trial trip on the Connecticut river one Sunday morning, from Oxford to Fairlee, Vermont, a distance of several miles, and returned safely. He spent his summers in New York until 1793, studying to improve his boat and engine; the boat was a "stern wheeler," and was thought to be capable of steaming five miles an hour. Elijah Ormsbee of Rhode Island caught the spirit, and in 1792 built a small steamboat, with an "atmospheric engine" and "duck's foot" paddles, and made a successful trial trip on the Seekonk river. Nicholas Roosevelt of New York, who had become interested in the Schuyler copper mines, and had constructed an atmospheric engine from the model of Hornblower's, joined with John Stevens and Chancellor Livingston in building a little steamboat, which was tried on the Passaic river in 1798, having on board a party of invited guests, among whom was the Spanish minister; but the enterprise failed. In 1809, Roosevelt became associated with Fulton in the introduction of steamboats on the western waters; and in 1811 Roosevelt built and navigated the *New Orleans*, the pioneer steamboat that descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. He took his family with him and accomplished the trip in fourteen days. John Stevens of New York urged more weighty and advanced opinions and statesman-like views on the economical importance of steam navigation than any man of his time. He was the grandson, through his mother, of the great lawyer and mathematician, James Alexander, and his sister was the wife of Chancellor Livingston; he was a graduate of King's (now Columbia) college in 1768, and at the beginning of this century was fifty-one years of age. His petition to congress in 1790 for the protection of inventors, was the foundation of the American patent law. His life was devoted to experiments at his own cost for the common good. He built the *Phoenix* which was completed and launched only a few weeks after Fulton's triumph had been assured; it was sent to Philadelphia, as before mentioned, by open sea, to be used on the Delaware. His son, Robert Livingston Stevens, then but twenty years of age, had already commenced his remarkable career of invention. He assisted his father in bringing out a fleet of steamers on the Delaware, and upon the collapse of the Fulton monopoly they together built some of the finest steamboats on the Hudson. The speed when Fulton died had only reached seven miles an hour; Robert L. Stevens built the *Philadelphia*, in 1813, introducing several new devices, which sailed eight miles an hour. With every steamboat he constructed thereafter the speed was increased, until, in 1827, the *North*

America attained fifteen miles. From 1815 until 1840 he stood at the head of his profession in this country as a builder of steam-vessels and their machinery, making constant and invaluable improvements. He originated the present form of ferry-boats and ferry-slips, and was the first to bring a steam-ferry into actual operation. He made the first marine tubular boiler in 1831; he adopted a new method of bracing and fastening steam-boats, and was the first on record to use the new, unmanageable anthracite coal for steam fuel. He became, in short, one of the greatest of naval architects, and was constantly lavishing time and money upon changes to enhance the usefulness of steam navigation; and the variety, extent, and importance of his work, it is hoped, will yet be recognized in some substantial form.



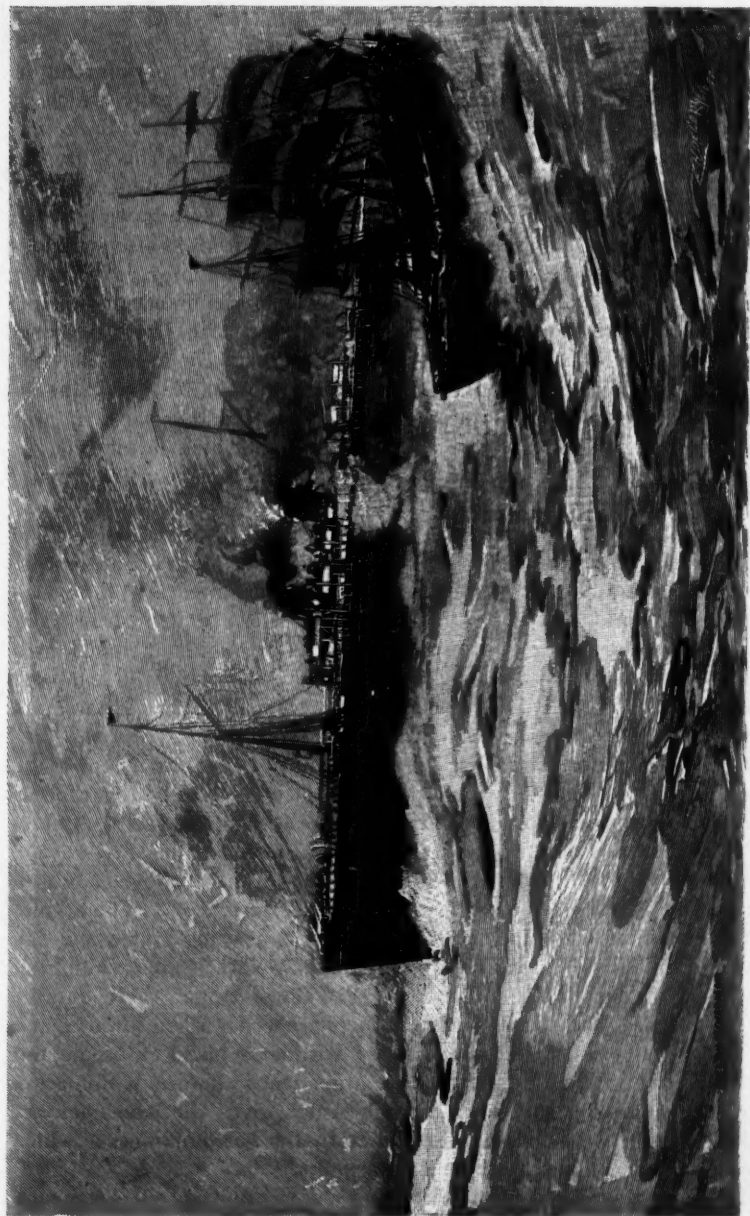
STEAMBOAT OF JOHN FITCH, 1796.

The inventive instinct of America appears to have been abreast with that of any other country; and it has the honor, through the trial of the *Clermont* in 1807, of bridging the chasm between mere attempts and positive achievements in steam navigation. Robert Fulton's fame was justly earned, and is secure in the world's memory. But the time has come when his industrious and less fortunate cotemporaries in invention should not be left in unmerited obscurity. A vast amount of experimental work had to be accomplished, and it is no reflection on a man's genius to have groped in the dark when there was no light within his reach. Immature schemes were necessarily failures; but the causes of such failures were carefully noted, and their fruits became marvels of inspiration. No invention was ever born full-grown or disjointed from antecedents leading to it; thus it is exceptionally interesting to trace the extraordinary efforts and bitter disappointments in widely separated countries which stand in orderly relations one to another, apparently without connection, as essential parts of an intelligent design.

The screw, which was first suggested by Dr. Hooke in 1681, and was the subject of a prize essay by Dr. Bernouilli in 1752, before the French Academy of Sciences, and actually tried in the United States during the Revolution, by David Bushnell, while conducting submarine experiments

with torpedoes, was finally brought into general use by John Ericsson, who in 1836 invented and patented the screw-propeller, which revolutionized navigation. In 1837 he built a steam vessel having twin screw-propellers, which on trial towed the American packet-ship *Toronto* at the rate of five miles an hour on the river Thames. In 1838 he constructed the iron screw-steamer *Robert F. Stockton*, which crossed the Atlantic under canvas in 1839, and was afterward employed as a tug-boat on the Delaware river for a quarter of a century. Ericsson had tried to interest the British admiralty in his improvements, but only succeeded so far as to persuade the noble lords to make the excursion with him on the Thames. The barriers of tradition and prejudice had not yet been overcome, and the naval authorities rejected the, to them, new idea, although it was presently taken up by private parties. But the greater boldness and intelligence of some of the representatives of the United States, then in England, gave Ericsson substantial encouragement. Francis B. Ogden of New Jersey placed capital at the inventor's command, who built a little screw-boat called the *Francis B. Ogden*, and Commodore Stockton of our navy made an excursion on it with Ericsson, and then gave an order for the building of the *Robert F. Stockton*, above mentioned. On his arrival in America Ericsson was almost immediately given an opportunity to build the large screw-steamer *Princeton*, a war vessel, and presently the English, French, German, and other European governments had screw-steamers constructed from Ericsson's plans, or from those of his agent in England, Count de Rosen, as the screw was found to possess many advantages over the paddle-wheel as an instrument for ship-propulsion, and the cost of machinery was much lessened by its use.

The first steamer on our Great Lakes was the *Ontario*, built in 1816, at Sackett's Harbor—three years before the *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic. At the time of the establishment of the Cunard line of ocean steamers in 1840, one of the most notable events of the decade immediately following the success of the *Great Western*, there were many fine steamers on our lakes, and they multiplied with rapidity. The first four vessels of the Cunard line had modern paddle-wheels, and the *Britannia* was the foremost to sail. The Cunard company had agreed to carry the mails fortnightly between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, and the contract was to continue seven years. These ships accommodated only first-cabin passengers, emigrants having no place in any steamer prior to 1850. But no luxuries were provided; a narrow berth to sleep in and ordinary food was esteemed sufficient. The building of the *Great Britain*, in 1845, was a notable advance in steamship construction, iron being used with great



THE WHITE STAR STEAMER "MAJESTIC."
[From "Ocean Steamships."]

skill and discretion. The first enterprise of this character originating in the United States was the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, which in 1847 undertook to carry the American mails between New York and Bremen twice a month. Two steamships were built for this line, the *Washington* and *Herman*. The contract with the government was not however renewed at its expiration, and the ships were withdrawn and the project abandoned. The Collins line was established in 1849, also an American enterprise in the field of international trade, with a large government subsidy, and its steamers were a new departure in model and arrangement. The Inman line came into existence the same year, with screw steamers built of iron. In 1858 was added the North German Lloyd line, in 1861 the French Compagnie Transatlantique line, in 1863 the National line, in 1866 the Williams and Guion line (formerly a line of sailing packets), now the Guion line, and in 1870 the White Star line, which latter brought another new type of steamships. There were, in the meantime, many other lines directed to different quarters of the world.

Mr. John H. Gould, writing on "Ocean Passenger Travel," says: "The most important American rival which foreign corporations encountered in transatlantic steam navigation was the famous Collins line. Mr. E. K. Collins had grown up in the freight and passenger business between New York and Liverpool, and in 1847 began to interest New York merchants in a plan to establish this new steamship line. Two years later the company he had organized launched four vessels—the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, and *Baltic*. These were to make twenty-six voyages every year, and the passage from port to port was to be better, in point of time, than that made by the Cunarders. Many features that have since come to be regarded as indispensable on board ship, were introduced by the Collins vessels. Among them none attracted more comment, when the *Atlantic* on her first voyage arrived at Liverpool, than the barber's shop. Another novelty was a smoking-room in a house on the after part of the deck. . . . The accommodations on board ship have kept pace with the growing traffic and the increasing demand for luxurious appointments. Vessels are now lighted by electricity in every quarter, including even the steerage; there is ample room for exercises and games on deck; there are well-stocked libraries and music-rooms, no well-ordered vessel being without a piano or organ, and some have both; and on nearly all the larger ships there is a miniature newspaper printed by the ship's printer, which gives the usual amount of 'local' gossip and happenings peculiar to the surroundings, to which articles are often contributed by the passengers."

The same writer gives us an interesting chapter on the "Ocean Steam-

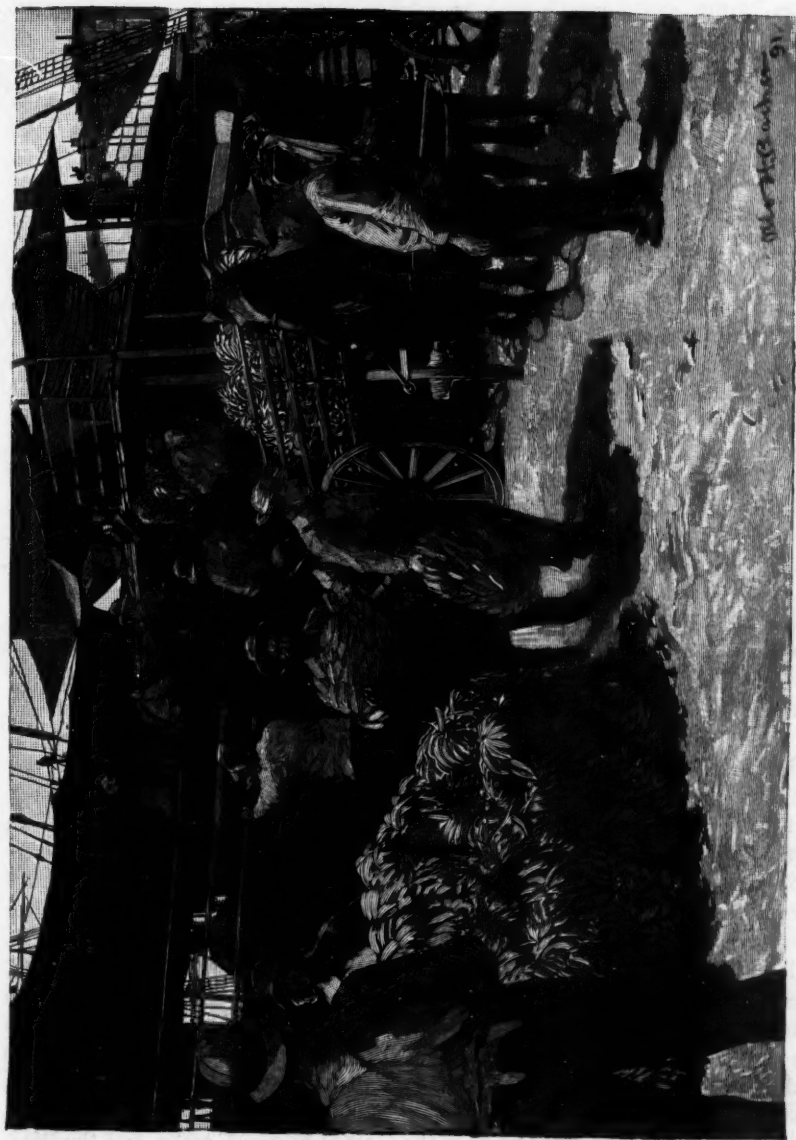
ship as a Freight Carrier." He says there are now twenty-nine regular lines of steamships running between New York and the European ports. "Of these, eight lines run express steamships, and twenty-three lines carry passengers and freight; the other six lines transport freight only. The ocean steamship lines require an auxiliary fleet of harbor vessels as tenders to them. There are regular lines other than those above mentioned, running to the West Indies and elsewhere; there is a large number of tramp ships, and our coastwise steamships are operated by a dozen or more lines. The volume of ocean freight is enormous. In these days of heavy shipments the specie-room on the steamship is a very important institution. It is located in an out-of-the-way place, and few of the passengers know of its existence. Fruit steamships have three decks, all open, with a space of about two inches between each of the deck planks. This arrangement assures a free circulation of air at all times, and thus the fruit is preserved from heating and decay. Great care is taken to prevent its contact with salt water, which causes the black spots frequently seen on bananas." These fruit steamships carry from fifteen to twenty-five thousand bunches of bananas. There are steamships specially fitted for carrying grain, others for carrying oil in bulk, and the steamships for cattle are the most interesting of all. The development of ocean traffic is vividly illustrated in the work so ably and satisfactorily prepared by accomplished experts.

The mechanical improvements which have been devised, one after another, from year to year, to produce these varied results, have racked the brains of innumerable skilled mechanics and wise and ingenious men. But the safe-conduct of transatlantic vessels, with their passengers, involves scarcely less expert knowledge, and much more trained will-power. The care of a steamship is unremitting; every hour of the day has its imperative duties. The officers vary in their methods of keeping watch, new ships having new rules. The chief officer of the White Star vessels stands the watches from six to eight and from twelve to two o'clock, night and day, respectively; the second officer keeps the watches from eight to ten and two to four o'clock; and the third officer, those from ten to twelve and from four to six o'clock. The cheerless night drifts on, the weary vigil taxing the brains and bodies of those who must seek no rest because of the lives intrusted to them. William H. Rideing says: "Probably the captain dreads no one thing more than a fog which comes down when he is making land. When he can see the familiar lights and promontories he can verify the position of the ship and check his daily observations of the sun. Then it is plain sailing into port. But when the strongest light is quenched, and every well-known landmark hidden, and he has to feel his

way with only the compass and the sounding-machine to guide him, the consciousness that a slight divergence from the proper course may lead to disaster and death keeps him on the pins and needles of anxiety, and sears his brain to constant wakefulness as with a branding iron."

Between 1838 and 1879 one hundred and forty-four steamers, counting all classes, were lost in the transatlantic trade. Of these, ten were burned at sea; eight were sunk in collisions; three sunk by ice; twenty-four never reached the ports for which they sailed, their fate being still unknown; and the remainder were wrecked. Since 1879, writes Mr. Rideing, "the most memorable disasters, besides those already referred to, have been the burning at sea of the *Egypt*, of the National line, and the *City of Montreal*, of the Inman line, both without loss of life: the stranding of the *State of Virginia*, of the State line, on the quicksands of Sable Island, which quickly entombed her; the sinking of the *State of Florida*, of the same line, by collision with a sailing ship; the disappearance of the National line steamer *Erin*, which is supposed to have foundered at sea; and the sinking of the magnificent Cunarder *Oregon*, in collision with a coal schooner off Fire Island. No line in existence has been wholly free from calamity; no line in existence has not at least one page in its history to tell of anxious crowds besieging its wharves and offices for news of a ship that has never come in. It is not conceivable that the element of danger can ever be wholly eliminated from the navigation of the Atlantic, but notwithstanding the extent and difficulty of the traffic, and the size and speed of the ships, which, flying to and fro in all kinds of weather, arrive in port at all seasons with a promptness and regularity quite equal to that of express trains on land, the number of accidents is constantly diminishing. More cabin passengers are carried from New York to European ports in one summer now than were carried in the whole of the first quarter of a century of steam navigation on this ocean; we now see hundreds of thousands of passengers crossing, with a sense of security which a remarkable record of immunity from accident fully justifies."

One of the most interesting chapters in the excellent volume, *Ocean Steamships*, concerns the steamship lines of the world. It reminds us that there are other lands and other peoples than our own, worthy of admiration and study; that a voyage round the world clears the head of narrowness and cobwebs. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was organized in 1847, and gained notoriety by sending one of its first vessels, the *California*, from New York to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn. The successful termination of this remarkable voyage in those early days of steam navigation, enabled the company to inaugurate a steamship service between



UNLOADING A BANANA STEAMSHIP, 1892.

[From "Ocean Steamships."]

Panama and San Francisco. The transpacific route was commenced in 1867, soon after the opening of the Pacific railroad, and is now worked in conjunction with the English line.

Lieutenant Hunt writes: "The United States has the credit of establishing long lines of communication by sea with far-distant countries. As early as 1789 the merchants of Boston despatched their ships direct to China and the East Indies some time before England entered on this trade; for the American vessels not only brought their cargoes to the home markets, but also trans-shipped spices, silks, teas, sugar, coffee, and cotton to Europe. The development of the resources of the East by the East India Company, and the richness of the freights carried by the United States vessels—the proceeds of a single voyage often defraying the first cost of the ship—induced England to enter into competition, thus starting that rivalry between the sailing fleets of the two nations that was long the admiration of the world. In 1845 the American clippers, long, low, of good beam, very fine lines, and with yards so square and spars so lofty as to get a greater spread of canvas in proportion to their tonnage than any ship hitherto sailed, entered the race and left all rivals far astern. Then followed the days of which the old 'sad sea dogs' still love to tell, when every stitch of sail was carried until the fierce wind blew it from the bolt-ropes; when for weeks the lee scuppers lay buried in the seething waters and the flying jibboom plunged deep into the white-capped waves; when the good ship, *Sovereign of the Seas*, came into port ninety days from Hong-Kong, and the town gathered on the wharf to welcome the daring navigators; while the cargo of teas and coffees was sold at fabulous prices."

The discovery of gold in California started a line of ships to take out merchandise of every description; and Australia was opened to commerce. These old routes exerted great influence upon subsequent progress—but the day of the sailing ship, except on long routes, was closing. The steamship entered into competition, and gradually absorbed the lucrative passenger traffic and much of the more valuable freight. The routes of communication between distant portions of the world, established after long years of navigation, have now become the highways of commerce. The tourist may choose from many routes in going round the world. Steamboats and steamships are everywhere. He finds several lines between the ports of Japan along the inland passage and up the Japan sea. Singapore has steam communication with one hundred and fifty-two different ports, far and near. From Calcutta several short sea-routes in steam-vessels may be taken to strange countries. Nearly a dozen steamship lines leave Colon for ports in the United States, Europe, and the West

Indies. From Colombo, Ceylon, fifteen steamships radiate toward the attractive countries of Australia, Africa, the Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, India, and Europe. The number of steamers traversing the great thoroughfares, aside from those in regular service between the United States and the Old World, is said to be more than eleven thousand!

The civilization of our time owes a debt of gratitude to the early scientists and inventors. Like the discovery of a continent by Columbus they gave the world something to build upon, and it is doubtful if the managers of the World's Columbian Exposition will encounter, in attempting to exhibit the progress this country has made in four centuries, a more far-reaching and significant problem than that of steam navigation. It touches all sides of human life; the theme is as attractive as it is colossal. It has brought the different nations of the earth into hand-shaking acquaintance; with the aid of electricity borrowed from the forces of nature, steam power is at the root of all our present material wealth and prosperity. Every industry on the globe has been revolutionized since the beginning of this century, and in the rapid march of events the steamboat and the steamship have played the most important part of any factor in stimulating production and giving an impulse to trade with distant countries, opening innumerable markets in hitherto unheard-of places. Every nation is now interested in steam navigation; the welfare of the farmer, the merchant, and the artisan is interwoven with that of the heroes who live on the sea. Commerce and the industries go hand in hand, and the magnificent showing of the former is but an index to the flourishing conditions of the latter. It is because the race has been awakened into new life that it displays new growth. The peculiar glory of America—an empire unparalleled in beauty of situation and resources—is in the intelligence, dignity, domestic happiness, right thinking, right acting, moral power, matchless ingenuity, and business integrity of its people, who have contributed their full quota to the solution of scientific problems, through which, within the past eighty-five years, the entire world has been benefited and stirred into active endeavor. It may be truly said that steam navigation has made the Columbian Exposition in its prospective magnitude a possibility, and seems destined to lift it into a vast success in 1893.

CAPTURE OF STONY POINT, JULY, 1779

BY MAJOR WILLIAM HULL

[From manuscript in the possession of his grandson.]

On the morning of the 14th of July, 1779, Major Hull was ordered to march to Sandy Beach and unite his corps to that of General Wayne. Two companies of North Carolina infantry commanded by Major Murfee were directed to join the troops at Sandy Beach. These were placed in the detachment of Major Hull, whose command now consisted of about four hundred men. At eleven o'clock of the morning of the 15th of July the march was commenced over rugged and almost impassable mountains, and continued for fourteen miles, when the detachment arrived, a little before dark in the evening, within a mile and a half of Stony Point. Here it halted. General Wayne with his principal officers reconnoitred the works, and now for the first time was communicated to the troops the object of the enterprise. He stated that the attack was to be made on Stony Point at twelve o'clock that night. That the detachment was to be divided into two columns; to advance with unloaded muskets, and depend entirely on the bayonet; that it was his determination to persevere until in complete possession of the fort; and that if any man attempted to load his piece, leave his station, or retreat, he was instantly to be put to death by the officer or soldier next him.

General Wayne then gave in detail the disposition of the troops. The column on the right was to consist of Febiger's and Meigs' regiments and Major Hull's detachment, and to be led by General Wayne himself. The column on the left was to consist of Colonel Butler's regiment. Major Hull was directed to detach Major Murfee's two companies to form in the centre of the two columns, and to advance near to a part of the fort that was not to be assailed, and to keep up a constant fire with a view to distract and draw off attention from the real point of attack; Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey to command a corps of one hundred and fifty volunteers to precede the column on the right, and Major Stewart with one hundred volunteers to precede the column on the left. A forlorn hope of twenty men was attached to each column—one led by Lieutenant Gibbon, the other by Lieutenant Knox. Their duty was to

remove the abatis and other obstructions in the way of the troops. About half-past eleven o'clock the two columns commenced their march in platoons. The beach was more than two feet deep with water, and before the right column reached it we were fired upon by the out-guards, which gave the alarm to the garrison. We were now directly under the fort, and closing in a solid column ascended the hill, which was almost perpendicular. When about half way up our course was impeded by two strong rows of abatis, which the forlorn hope had not been able entirely to remove. The column proceeded silently on, clearing away the abatis, passed to the breastwork, cut and tore away the pickets, cleared the *cheveaux de frise* at the sally-port, mounted the parapet, and entered the fort at the point of the bayonet. All this was done under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, and as strong a resistance as could be made by the British bayonet. Our column on the other side entered the fort at the same time. Each of our men had a white paper in his hat, which in the darkness distinguished him from the enemy, and the watchword was, *The fort is our own*. Our troops reached the area of the garrison, not having fired a gun, the enemy still firing on us. The men made free use of the bayonet, and in every direction was heard, *The fort is our own!* We were compelled to continue the dreadful slaughter owing to the fierce and obstinate resistance of the enemy. They did not surrender until nearly one hundred men were killed and wounded; after which their arms were secured and they were assembled under a strong guard in an angle of the fort until morning. Major Murfee acted his part with great address, keeping up an incessant fire between the two columns, thus diverting the attention of the assailed from the point of attack. His two companies were the only American troops that fired a gun. In ascending the hill, just after he had passed the abatis, General Wayne was wounded in the head by a musket ball, and immediately fell. He remained on the spot until the British surrendered, when some other officers and myself bore him into the fort, bleeding, but in triumph.

Three long and loud cheers were now given, and reverberating in the stillness of night amidst rocks and mountains sent back in echo a glad response to the hearts of the victors. They were quickly answered by the enemy's ships of war in the river, and by the garrison at Verplank's Point, under the belief that the Americans were repulsed.

Our troops lost no time in collecting the cannon of the garrison and turning them against the shipping in the river. The officer of the British artillery was requested to furnish the key of the powder magazine; he hesitated, and said that he only received his orders from Colonel Johnson.

He was informed that Colonel Johnson was superseded in command, and that there must be no delay, or the consequences might be unpleasant. The key was produced, the pieces of ordnance loaded, and the news of what had happened sent to the shipping from the mouths of the cannon. They made no return to our fire, and the tide being strong, they slipped their cables and were carried down by the current. In the same manner the intelligence was announced at the fort at Verplank's Point, but no reply was made.

Soon after the surrender, a lieutenant of my detachment informed me that he had killed one of the men in obedience to orders, and that he regretted it more than he could express. He said that as the column was ascending the hill, the man left his station and was loading his musket. His commander ordered him to return and desist from loading. He refused, saying that he did not understand fighting without firing. The officer immediately ran him through the body. I replied: "You performed a painful duty, by which, perhaps, victory has been secured, and the life of many a brave man saved. Be satisfied." Colonel Johnson remained in his marquee until morning, with others of the officers. I was frequently with him during the night. It was intimated by some one that the garrison had been surprised. Colonel Johnson observed that we should not do ourselves or him the injustice to say that he had been surprised.

He begged the gentleman who made the remark to recollect the fact that the firing commenced before we passed the marsh; that all his men were at their stations with their arms and completely dressed before our columns began to ascend the hill. That an incessant fire had been kept up until we entered the works, and the garrison surrendered. Yet it has been represented by some historians of the Revolution that the British were taken by surprise. But the distance from the fort, from which our columns were fired upon, the incessant roar of musketry and artillery while we were ascending the precipice, the condition of the troops when the garrison surrendered, are facts which show that success was owing to the valor, perseverance, and superior physical strength of the assailants. Fifteen Americans were killed and eighty-three wounded. Colonel Johnson in his return reports twenty killed of the British, including one officer, and sixty-eight privates wounded. The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three.

The following day we were employed in burying the dead. I had two narrow escapes; one ball passed through the crown of my hat, another struck my boot. General Washington came to the fort next day, and the

interesting scene of his arrival is perfectly fresh in my remembrance. I recollect how cordially he took me by the hand, and the satisfaction and the joy that glowed in his countenance.

I attended him with a number of other field officers, General Wayne being prevented by his wound. Washington minutely viewed every part of the fortifications. His attention was particularly drawn to those places where the two columns ascended the hill, mounted the parapets, and first entered the works. He expressed his astonishment that we were enabled to surmount the difficulties and attain our object with so inconsiderable a loss. And here he offered his thanks to Almighty God, that He had been our shield and protector amidst the dangers we had been called to encounter.

Contributed by

Saml B Clarke

MARIETTA, GEORGIA.

COLUMBUS

A fertile continent thou gav'st mankind,
Which only lay in lonely idleness;
Through sufferings terrible, and great distress,
This was accomplished; for thy noble mind
And faith excelled all others—thou stood'st alone.
But thou didst know thyself—as now thou'rt known—
And thou didst prove thy disbelievers blind.

Immortal man, the world yet owes to thee
A tribute for thy hardships and thy pain;
Thy misery proved in truth to be its gain,
Thy woes have given to it prosperity.
Four centuries now have praised thy lofty name,
And ages yet to come will keep thy fame,
And glory in thy deathless memory.

Albert J. Ruff.

AN OLD BOOK

It lies before me, a fat little volume some six inches by eight, in sheep binding whose edges are curled and whose back is cracked by age.

With its musty odor comes a vision of ghosts—the attractive kind of ghosts—the ghosts that as children we used to hope to see when we lay awake at night. There is a dignified divine in a well-brushed suit of black, silver knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, stiff stock, and very neat linen. There is a careful housewife, a saver of pence and crumbs, yet able on occasions of state to make a most imposing appearance,

“Bedecked, ornate and gay,
Like a stately ship,
With all her bravery on and tackle trim,
Sails filled and streamers waving.”

Then the shadow of death falls on the honest economy and simple dignity. Out of it comes one of the strangest figures in our history. The silver buckles shine on feet that climbed rapidly the ladder of fame. They shone there still when vaulting ambition that o'erleaped itself had brought their wearer, the brand of Cain on his brow, to dishonor and ostracism.

All these figures are sketched sometimes by a line, sometimes by a page in the old book. What is it? An old account-book of the Rev. Dr. Burr, second president of Princeton college. The first entry bears date 1755; the last, 1758.

The president used it first to keep an “account of money received by contribution for New Jersey college,” and carefully transferred all sums received to the depreciated colonial money at an advance of about one-third. The doctor's own salary was not large; but two hundred and thirty pounds a year went farther then than now. He seems to have had means of increasing his income, for we find numerous small sums entered from literature, and there are various entries: “For my sermon 1 shilling 6 pence.” Unless we are prepared to believe that the doctor had a literary bureau to supply slothful parsons with manuscript sermons, we must conclude that this indicates a fee for preaching. Think of it, ye clerical professors who grumble over modern fees!

There was apparently a difference of rates, for we find an entry: “By cash paid Mr. Tennent for preaching to Indians, 4*£* 1*s.* 8*d.*” Could it have been that Indian preaching was worth more because of its difficulty?

But possibly Mr. Tennent preached sixty-five and a third sermons to the Indians at the rate of one and three pence.

It seems that the doctor also drove a small trade in paper and books. There are several entries in the hand of the thrifty housewife. "To the Rev. Johnathan Edwards (her father) one quire of paper, 1s. 3d." It is regrettable to observe that this book trade even included ponies, for there are constant entries of a certain "Translation of Xenophon in two volumes," which was the most expensive book on the list. But perhaps the doctor anticipated the heretical attitude of certain new-fangled educators who rather encourage the use of ponies in the proper way.

Education seems to have been very cheap in those days, when we read such entries as "Sayre, To $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. tuition 1£ 10s." But there were extras, as one might expect at the price, for we find several entries of "French schooling." With a fine impartiality this is spelt "shooling," "scholing," and "scholling."

Of course at these rates the college could not support itself. A large part of the doctor's energies must have been devoted to raising funds. And no less than two thousand pounds are entered as raised in sums of one pound and upward. It may be very surprising to the uninformed to find not only that part of this was raised by a lottery, but that the tickets were sold by the president to the students. Most of them seem to have invested in one or more at the price of thirty shillings.

But education, even with the opportunities for fortune afforded by the lottery, was more expensive comparatively than it appears at first sight. The doctor used this book for the college accounts, the good wife for household matters, and thus we perceive that a certain Edwards, who may have been Mrs. Burr's brother, obtained a little more than four months' board at the presidential table for seven pounds three shillings fourpence. Provisions were not so very cheap, but the scale of living was doubtless very simple. The Burrs bought beef at twopence a pound, ten pounds of cheese for four shillings, tea at seven shillings a pound. A domestic servant was hired at four shillings a week, a field laborer by the day at two shillings sixpence. A barrel of cider cost eight shillings; six bottles of wine, thirteen shillings sixpence. They bought three horses at prices ranging from fourteen pounds to twenty-two pounds; a cow and calf at four pounds fifteen shillings. A black man was sold for rather less than the good horse, and brought seventeen pounds sixpence.

But death closed the account, for on the last three pages, bearing date May, 1758, we find in the careful hand of the man of law "an Acct. of Mrs. Burrs cloaths given to her daughter Sally by will."

It was no inconsiderable legacy, but the list is a little confusing to the modern masculine mind. One finds it difficult to imagine what "a suit of black Paduasoy" looks like at a distance. How does "a brown Calimanco gown" differ from "one lead colored Ducap ditto," beyond the difference in color? And what is the distinction between a "black Calimanco" and a "black Allopeen"? Of course any one could tell a "Corded Dimity with flowered border" from "A copucheen flowered sattin." But why should an "old gauze hood" be accompanied by "two tan mounts"?

We understand that "one mask" was used to preserve Mrs. President's complexion, but what, oh, what was the "one Vandyke cat-gutted" which is mentioned with it? Was the lawyer who made this inventory assisted by his wife? Aaron Burr was not forgotten in the distribution of finery, for we find that he received "one silver watch, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, one pair ditto knee-buckles, one stock-buckle and Mr. and Mrs. Burr's pictures."

The strict economy of the worthy couple was not without its touch of guilt on the edge, for they left "to Sally Burr" and "for the use of the children," some sixty pounds' worth of silver plate. Those were simple times at Nassau Hall, when the president received a little more than the salary of a tutor, and his assistants the pay of a common school teacher. And yet the admirer of learning must not rejoice overmuch that her votaries seem to receive in the midst of this commercial age more of the good things of this world. For it is to be observed that while the cost of tuition has increased ten times at Princeton, the salary has only increased about five times. It is hard to tell what moral to draw from this, unless it be that, as both professors and students are more plentiful now than they were four generations ago, the one is willing to pay more and the other to take less.

Paul van Dyke

RETAINING THE NORTHWEST POSTS

HOW ENGLAND GAINED BY IT

On the conclusion of the peace of 1783 between Great Britain and the United States, the fur-traders of the northwest very naturally became anxious lest the Americans should gain possession of the extensive and lucrative business which had fallen into British hands when the French surrendered Canada. For five years after the English took possession of Montreal the traders of the northwest were mostly Frenchmen, without concert of action, and therefore with precarious profits. In 1765 the first English trader made his slow way along the shores of Lake Superior to the Grand Portage, on the northwestern shore of that lake, and thence westward to Lake La Pluye. There the Indians, incensed at being kept so long waiting for supplies of ammunition, rum, and trinkets, appropriated the trader's supplies without giving him the customary return of peltries. A year later the same trader met the same fate at the same hands; but the third year perseverance met its proverbial success, and the Indians, contenting themselves with a heavy toll, allowed the trader to proceed to Lake Winnipeg.

In 1769 Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher, whose base of supplies was the Montreal firm of Todd & McGill, also suffered disaster among the rapacious Indians about Rainy Lake. However, they had gone into the trading business too deeply to get out. In order to protect their venture they made a strong combination with the other traders who had gone into the northwest country, and by 1774 supplies were received by the Indians so regularly that not only were the old stations occupied, but also a number of new posts unknown to the French were established. The success of the Frobishers drew many adventurers into the field, who so demoralized business that the cautious Montreal firms no longer were willing to supply outfits; and by the end of the year 1782 only twelve traders were left in the field.

When the Frobishers learned the terms of the definitive treaty they set about combining all the British interests, with the view of crushing out competition on the part of English adventurers and also of protecting British trade from threatened encroachments on the part of Americans. This step was dictated by ordinary prudence, because the new boundary

line was believed to give to the Americans the whole route from the Grand Portage to the Lake of the Woods; and, as well, the posts of Detroit and Michilimackinac, on which the traders were dependent for provisions. The old connection among the traders was made stronger, and from this time on the North-West Company became the controlling influence in the country bordering upon the Great Lakes.

The first efforts of the company were directed to the discovery of a new route to Lake Winnipeg, so that a line of communication wholly in Canadian territory might be maintained. In June, 1783, Edward Umfreville and Venance St. Germain, both of whom were able to speak the language of the Indians, set out with an exploring party of six Canadians to find such a passage. In return for this discovery, if it should be made, the company asked for a monopoly of the Indian trade for ten years: but this request Governor-General Haldimand did not feel at liberty to grant. He had other plans which would delay at least for a time the necessity of finding a substitute for the Grand Portage.

The trade carried on by the North-West Company was well worthy of high consideration on the part of the government. In 1780 it was worth to England two hundred thousand pounds* in the value of furs brought to her markets, without counting the profits on the manufactures sent into the wilderness. A canoe-load of goods was made up of dry-goods to the amount of three hundred pounds first sterling cost in England, and two hundred gallons of rum and wine, worth fifty pounds, to which charges a profit of fifty per cent. was added at Montreal. The cost of transportation to Michilimackinac was one hundred and sixty pounds, and to the Grand Portage ninety pounds more. Between Montreal and the Grand Portage a canoe carried four tons of freight; but beyond the latter place a ton and a half was allotted to a canoe manned by five Canadians. No fewer than five hundred men were employed in this trade, one-half of the number covering the country from the mouth of the Ohio northward and westward around Lakes Superior and Huron. Supplies of provisions were taken at Michilimackinac; but in part the traders were expected to live off the country, and many and severe were the hardships endured before winter quarters were reached and all the bitternesses forgotten in the long nights of feasting which Washington Irving has so graphically described.

Such was the condition of affairs when, in July, 1783, General Washington wrote to General Haldimand asking him to receive the Baron de Steuben to make provision for the surrender of the eight posts within the newly-acquired territory of the United States. The interview was con-

* Report of Charles Grant. *Canadian Archives*, 1888.

ducted with all the politeness consistent with a flat refusal on the part of Haldimand either to give up the posts or even to allow Steuben to visit them, without explicit orders from his majesty. This policy he maintained throughout his term, and when he left office he wrote to his successor, Brigadier-General St. Léger: "Different attempts having been made by the American states to get possession of the posts of the Upper country, in consequence of the treaty of peace, I have thought it my duty uniformly to oppose the same, until his majesty's orders for that purpose shall be received, and my conduct upon that occasion having been approved, I have only to recommend to you a strict attention to the same."*

In refusing to surrender the northwestern posts without explicit orders, Haldimand undoubtedly acted the part of a prudent official; and his action saved the North-West Company from the interruption of their lucrative traffic. There was another action of Haldimand's, undertaken for the very laudable purpose of shutting the Americans out of the fur trade, which worked great hardship to the traders without any apparent advantage.

In a memorandum submitted to the Right Honorable Lord Sidney by General Haldimand, in 1785, the latter says: "The navigation of these lakes by the king's vessels only is an object so nearly connected with the entire preservation of the fur trade, that I have withstood various applications for building and navigating private vessels and boats upon the lakes. The rivers and outlets from them to the American states are so numerous that no precautions which could be taken, in that case, would be effectual in preventing a great part of the furs from going directly into the American states, and there is but little doubt that traders will carry their commodities to the best market, whatever may be the consequences; indeed, several instances have already occurred since the peace of their smuggling even from Montreal over Lake Champlain into the States, notwithstanding the vigilance of the civil and military officers. What then would be the case upon the remote lakes may easily be conceived. I would, therefore, recommend by all means that a sufficient number of the king's vessels be kept up upon the lakes, and all other craft whatever prohibited, not only from the foregoing reasons, but in all events to preserve a superiority upon the waters of that country.

Having from motives of economy reduced the Marine Department perhaps in some degree below the establishment that may be found necessary for purposes of transport, such arrangements should be made as will

* *Canadian Archives*, 1890, xxxii.

leave the merchants no room to complain, which I find they are inclined to do as a pretext for their application to navigate in their own vessels, for though some trivial neglects might have happened in the course of the war, they cannot occur in times of peace." *

In 1784 Haldimand gave the North-West Company permission to build at Detroit a small vessel for use on Lake Superior. This vessel, measuring thirty-four feet keel, thirteen feet beam, and four feet depth of hold, was built at an expense of one thousand eight hundred and forty three pounds thirteen shillings and twopence, York currency, and was christened the *Beaver*. When, in the spring of 1785, an attempt was made to get her up the rapids of the St. Mary's river the project proved a failure, and this under the regulations prohibiting private vessels on the lakes. Haldimand returned to London to enjoy a long round of pleasure at balls and the card-table, and also to feel keenly that monarchies as well as republics have a way of forgetting the services of their servants who have ceased to be useful.† But he left in command at Canada Barry St. Léger, who was only too ready to accept the situation established by his more brilliant predecessor.

Against the prohibition of private vessels trading on the lakes the North-West Company and the merchants of Detroit made vigorous protest. James McGill, who was one of the owners of the sixteen shares of the company, addressed to Lieutenant-Governor Henry Hamilton a letter which throws a great deal of light on the fur trade. He estimates the value of this trade in 1785 at one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, of which amount one hundred thousand pounds' value is within the boundaries of the United States as defined by the treaty. The object of the government in attempting to keep the Americans from this trade is, the company admits, a most laudable one; but this object would best be subserved by allowing the merchants to have small decked vessels in which to transport supplies and furs. There was no danger, Mr. McGill argued, that the Americans would invade Canadian territory, for they were not used to navigating small streams in birch-bark canoes, and spending severe Canadian winters among the Indians.

As for the trade lying within the American lines, that too must continue to be controlled largely by the British, because the people of the United States consume only deerskins, with some beaver and raccoons, every other article being sent to the London market, whence also must come the manufactures exchanged for furs. The cost of carriage both ways through Albany being greater than those through Montreal, the

* *Canadian Archives*, 1890, p. 65. † Haldimand's Diary, *Canadian Archives*, 1889.

English would continue to hold the trade by underselling their American competitors. Even should the United States prohibit, under pain of confiscation, British subjects trading in the Indian country, Mr. McGill professed not the least doubt that the English merchants at Detroit would all turn Americans and carry on an illicit business across the border. A newly acquired patriotism would never be allowed to stand in the way of financial gain.

On the other hand, with a few vessels at their command, the company could be morally certain of having goods in the market by June and July, and their importations from England could be imported the same year, which would "save leakage, imbezzlement and wait of property, besides interest of money, which you know is a dreadful moth if once allowed to get to any head." At the time of Mr. McGill's writing the company had one hundred and thirty bateau-loads of goods on Lake Erie awaiting shipment; and he urged that the four king's ships be commanded to make two trips each to Detroit with merchants' goods, and that the three or four small private vessels also on Lake Erie be permitted to take cargoes for the benefit of their owners and under the command or inspection of a king's officer. Unless such permission be granted, Mr. McGill expressed a fear that the traders would get dispirited and careless, and may even go to the extent of wishing for a change of government in hopes of being bettered, although, he patriotically remarks, "they will certainly be much worse; but such were their sufferings last year, with the untoward prospects for the present one, that I fear few goods will be ordered for the ensuing, or houses of any reputation here found to execute them until this defect is remedied."

A week later than the date of Mr. McGill's letter, Benjamin Frobisher wrote an appealing letter to the Hon. Hugh Finlay for transmission to the lieutenant-governor. It appears that in order completely to clear the lakes of private vessels, Lieutenant-Governor Sinclair had ordered down all the craft on Lake Superior, so that the company was compelled to fall back on canoe service, at a great expense. Lieutenant-Governor Hay had allowed the *Beaver* to make one trip in order to fill up the absolutely empty granaries at St. Mary's, so that the canoes would have provisions for the return voyage, and Frobisher desired authority to use the *Beaver* regularly to transport provisions for the company, instead of laying her up at Detroit.

The McGill and Frobisher letters were transmitted by Hamilton to Brigadier-General St. Léger, with the indorsement: "I am sorry to give you repeated trouble on this occasion; but as it is not in my power to

give any determinate answer to these demands, they must wait with patience the result of the minister's mandates, which may relieve them from their present state of uncertainty." Hamilton adds that he thinks the request as to the *Beaver* very reasonable, and that he hopes the ultimatum from England may arrive in time for the next year's business.

Hamilton's indorsement covered also a petition signed by twenty-one firms of Detroit traders, Alex. De Win, Macomb, Meldrum, and Park and James Abbott among the number. The Detroit men were so frank in their expressions as to leave no doubt about their meaning. They declared that because private vessels had been prohibited from navigating the lakes, and because the service of transporting merchandise must be performed in the king's vessels, when not wanted for transporting troops, provisions, and stores (which vessels were not adequate to the needs of the merchants, even if no government service were required of them), the merchants of Detroit had year after year suffered unheard-of losses, and now had but too much reason to apprehend the total ruin of their affairs, an event that would cause disaster as well in England as throughout Canada. The interest charges on property detained at the eastern end of Lake Erie for the want of a sufficient number of king's vessels to transport it had for several years amounted annually to upwards of £3,700; and, although the king's vessels had made several trips up to July 10, not a pound of the merchandise stored during the previous autumn had arrived at Detroit. Again, over one thousand packs of furs and peltries that otherwise would have come to Detroit had been diverted to New Orleans and the French market; also fifty of the pettyaugers which were too long detained at Detroit during the previous autumn had been frozen up before reaching their destination, and the traders had returned empty-handed.

To these appeals Brigadier-General St. Léger turned a deaf ear, in so far as recommending any increase in the merchant marine or any relaxation of the rules requiring peltries to be transported in the king's ships. He did promise to do what he could to hasten the shipment of goods; but to Lord Sidney in England and to the merchants trading to the Upper Country he professed himself fully satisfied with the rules made by General Haldimand. For ten years and more the English held the posts, and when Detroit and Michilimackinac were surrendered in 1796, the North-West Company transferred their headquarters to Drummond's island in St. Mary's river, where the ruins of their roads and buildings remain to this day.

That the British were able to control the fur trade even after the

advent of the Americans is made evident by a letter addressed to Secretary Madison by Chief-Justice Woodward of Michigan territory, and dated in 1807. "From the ocean all the way to these settlements," writes the judge, "there is a continued line of improvements following without deviation the line of navigation. It is seldom more than forty miles in breadth, but its length is at least fifteen hundred miles. These settlements are pleasant, fertile, and even opulent. They present along the whole line an activity little realized in the United States. The commerce in furs, which has been carried on in one channel for two centuries, is the cause of this phenomenon. . . . This commerce belongs to another nation. The Americans have never been able to succeed in it, though the most desirable part of it belongs to their own territory and the whole of it passes along their line."

Four years later, in 1811, John Jacob Astor bought out the association of British merchants known as the Mackinac Company, and eventually gained control of the American market, even going to the extent of having congress punish the North-West Company for the part they took in the capture of Mackinac in the war of 1812, by prohibiting them from trading in American territory. But Astor's success was a brief one. Haldimand, by retaining the posts and by preventing commerce on the lakes, undoubtedly accomplished his purpose of saving the fur trade for England until the advance of civilization brought about the lingering death of the ancient and famous industry that formed the motive of La Salle and the picturesque and adventurous explorers who came after him.

Charles Levee

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OGLETHORPE AS A LANDED PROPRIETOR IN GEORGIA

HIS COTTAGE HOME

Not very long ago certain parties from England, claiming to be representatives of General Oglethorpe, visited Georgia for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any lands within the limits of that commonwealth, which had been acquired by him during his connection with the trust, and to which title might now be asserted. Resort was had to the public records; and, while they were being examined, some anxiety was manifested by a few who feared that perhaps a cloud might be cast upon the early title to lands in and near Savannah and Frederica by reason of ancient and dormant cessions to the founder of the colony of Georgia. A moment's reflection, however, sufficed to dissipate all apprehensions of this character. The statute of limitations would long since have barred all claims of this description, which, however valid in their inception, would now prove incapable of assertion by reason of adverse possession, non-payment of taxes, non-user, etc. Apart from all this, it could be readily shown that Oglethorpe never coveted or acquired, except to a very limited degree, the proprietorship of Georgia lands, or sought personal gain while charged with the conduct of the trustees' affairs in that province. His connection with the foundation and development of the colony was characterized by disinterested benevolence, and all his services in behalf of the trust were rendered voluntarily and without remuneration. In advancing the welfare of the colonists, and in supplying their wants, he drew largely upon his private fortune. Often the trust was heavily in debt to him. Free from all desire for personal advantage during his connection with public affairs in Georgia, so far from claiming compensation for important services rendered, or seeking to benefit himself by asking cessions of well-located lands, he was, time and again, compelled to put forth unusual exertions and restrict his individual expenditures within the narrowest limits, that he might, from his own purse, meet the obligations which he had voluntarily assumed in the settlement, support, and defense of the province. A more striking example of self-abnegation, of disinterested benevolence, of public spirit, and of broad-minded generosity cannot readily be recalled.

In the formal allotment of town and garden lots and farms to the set-

tlers, he made no reservation for himself. During his early residence in Savannah he dwelt in a tent pitched beneath four large pine trees on the bluff, and on all occasions he sedulously refrained from taxing the colonists in any wise for the promotion of his personal comfort. Sharing the privations and the exposures of the inhabitants, he postponed his own ease to the procurement of their suitable shelter, nourishment, and protection.

The only home he ever owned or claimed in Georgia was located on the island of St. Simon. The only hours of leisure he enjoyed—and they were but few—were spent in sight and sound of his military works along the southern frontier, upon the safe tenure of which depended the salvation of the province. Just where the military road connecting Fort St. Simon with Frederica, after having traversed the beautiful prairie constituting the common pasture land of Frederica, entered the woods, General Oglethorpe established his cottage. Adjacent to it were a garden, and an orchard of oranges, figs, and grapes. Magnificent live-oaks threw their protecting shadows above and around this quiet, pleasant abode, fanned by delicious sea breezes, fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and vocal with the melody of song-birds. To the westward, and in full view, were the fortifications and white houses of Frederica. Behind rose a dense forest of oaks. "This cottage and fifty acres of land attached to it," says the Hon. Thomas Spalding, writing in March, 1840, "was all the landed domain General Oglethorpe reserved for himself; and, after the general went to England, it became the property of my father. . . . After the Revolutionary war, the buildings being destroyed, my father sold this little property. But the oaks were cut down only within four or five years past, and the elder people of St. Simon yet feel as if it were a sacrilege, and mourn their fall."

During the entire period of his employment as agent of the trustees and *de facto* governor and commander-in-chief of Georgia, Oglethorpe enjoyed no respite from his multifarious, perplexing, and important labors. Personally directing all movements; supervising the location and providing for the safety, comfort, and good order of the settlers; accommodating their differences; encouraging and directing their operations; propitiating the aborigines; influencing necessary supplies, and inaugurating suitable defenses, he constantly passed from point to point, finding no rest for the soles of his feet. Now in tent in Savannah, now in open boat reconnoitering the coast, now upon the southern islands, his only shelter the wide-spreading live-oak, designating sites for forts and look-outs, and with his own hands planning military works and laying out villages; again in journeys oft along the Savannah, the Great Ogeechee, the Altamaha, the St.

John, and far off into the heart of the Indian country, frequently inspecting his advanced posts, undertaking voyages to Charleston and to England in behalf of the trust, and engaged in severe contests with the Spaniards, his life was one of incessant activity, danger, and solicitude.

The founder and patron of the colony was so thoroughly engrossed by his public duties, and was so wholly engaged in the development of his benevolent scheme, that he found neither time nor inclination for speculating in Georgia lands.

Charles C. Jones, Jr.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

LINES ATTACHED TO A PETITION TO CONGRESS IN 1826

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM B. WALLACE OF THE VIRGINIA LINE

[An excerpt from "Virginia Genealogies," by Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, M.A.]

When British bands our rights assailed,
 When Freedom seemed to languish,
 When all resources seemed to fail,
 And naught was seen but anguish;
 When hostile troops o'erspread our land,
 Then marked by blood and plunder;
 When haltered gibbets seemed at hand,
 To bring us rebels under—
 I kept the field; my country's cause
 I never did give over;
 Full eight campaigns in arms I was,
 Till peace our land did cover.
 And now I see my country free—
 Her stand among the nations,
 Her commerce whit'ning every sea,
 No British king's plantations.
 Now uncontrolled by foreign laws,
 We legislate in freedom;
 Remember those who gained your cause,
 When you could scarcely feed 'em;
 The war-worn soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor treat him as a stranger;
 He fought unpaid, he gained the prize,
 Through heat, through cold, through danger.

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO

"HORSE SHOE ROBINSON"

[Second Chapter, continued from page 143.]

It was after midnight when Mary Musgrove's sleep was disturbed by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, which was at the opposite end of the cabin from where the travelers slept. It was Mr. Adair trying to wake Michael Lynch, and there being only a thin partition of boards between the rooms, the girl could hear every word that was spoken. "Rouse yourself. It is nearly one o'clock," said Adair; "you have no time to lose. Hugh Habershaw is good ten miles off, and you must be back by daylight. I had the crop-ear put up in the stable last night to save time; so up and saddle and away. Take your shoes in your hand; you can put them on when you get to the porch." "There, give me my coat, Wat," said Lynch. "I think I should have no objection to a drop before I set out. Now, tell me exactly what I am to say to Hugh Habershaw." "Tell him that we have got Horse Shoe Robinson and Major Butler of the Continental army as snug as a pair of foxes in a bag, and that I will let them run exactly at seven, and—" "Hold on," said Lynch; "let me ask, suppose this shouldn't be the man? Are you sure of it? It would be a d—— unchristian job to give over any other human being to such a set of bloodhounds as Hugh Habershaw and his gang." "You are a fool, Mike! Who in the name of all the imps could it be but Major Butler! Weren't we told he'd be along with Horse Shoe about this time? Tell Hugh to be ready at the Dogwood spring at the latest by eight o'clock; and, Mike, warn him to have his whole squad with him, for Horse Shoe Robinson, you know, is not to be handled by boys." "The major seems to have a wicked eye, too," said Lynch. "I shouldn't like much to be in his way if he was angry. But, Wat, how if they don't ride by the Dogwood spring?" "Leave that to me. I will contrive to go as far as the forks with them, and if they don't take the right-hand fork it will be because I don't know how to lie." "Stop a minute," said Lynch; "couldn't we get as much money by telling Horse Shoe, and hoisting colors with Major Butler?" "No; I *have* thought of that, but it won't do; the tories have got the upper hand hereabouts, and I should have my house

burnt down and my children thrown into the blaze of it in less than three days, if I was to let these fellows slip through my fingers. Be off. I'll look for you back at daylight." "I'll ride," said Lynch, "as if the devil was on my crupper; so good-by!"

Mary Musgrove arose and dressed herself, determined to do what she could toward saving these men from the blow which treachery was aiming at them. Slipping along the porch, she was saluted by the watch-dog, which her hand readily soothed into silence; but the noise brought her uncle out, and she was obliged to cower close against the wall as mute and motionless as a statue until he went back to his bed. Then she proceeded to the window of the travelers' chamber and gave a feeble tap with her hand against the sash. There was no answer: the sleep within was the sleep of tired men. She threw a pebble against the window without success. Then she raised the sash and thrust her head partially into the room, and softly called, "Mr. Butler! Mr. Butler! *Major* Butler!" but he only muttered in his sleep. She called, "Mr. Robinson!" without avail. Again she called, "Major Butler! Oh, good sir, awake; the people in this house know you, and they are contriving evil against you. Do not ride by the Dogwood spring to-morrow, nor take the right-hand road at the forks. There are wicked men upon that road. Have your eye upon my uncle Walter. I am Mary Musgrove, the daughter of Allen Musgrove, the miller. If you knew John Ramsay, you would believe me. Be sure to take the left-hand road at the first fork—" and as she lowered the sash she heard the exclamation from within, "In God's name, what is it? Where are you?" She did not halt for parley or explanation, but stole back to her room like a frightened bird, panting and almost breathless, for the watch-dog had again disturbed her uncle.

With the first day-streak in the morning Horse Shoe went to the stable to look after his horse, and to his surprise found the fence-rails down and no horses in the stable. He ascended a hill near by to discover, if possible, the horses in some adjacent pasture; which failing, he inspected the foot-prints as far as the high road, where three of the horses had evidently eloped into a corn-field, and the fourth continued upon the road—as Horse Shoe speculated, "never by its own free will." Presently Wat Adair was hurrying past him, and Horse Shoe called out, "You seem to be in a very onreasonable hurry, considerin' that you have the day afore you!" The woodsman made some lame excuses, and as Horse Shoe afterward said, "prevaricated onormously." When asked about the horses, and the tracks pointed out to him of the beast that carried some man up the road, and "set loose all the horses in the stable," Adair promptly answered,

"Mike Lynch, perhaps. Where can that fellow have been so early? Oh, I remember; he told me last night that he was going this morning to the blacksmith's. He ought to be back by now." Just then Mike Lynch appeared, riding a pony covered with foam, which had evidently been taxed to its utmost speed in a severe journey. Adair hurried forward to meet the man, and in low voice told him to conjure a lie quickly about having been at a blacksmith's, and to be merry and have a joke.

Turning toward the cabin the three men reached it a little after sunrise, just as Butler came forth ready for his journey, and with an air of concern and bewilderment watched the idle talk, and the curious delay when two lazy negroes were sent off in quest of the horses. "Will the gentlemen stay for breakfast?" asked Mary Musgrove, with a doubtful look at Butler. "To be sure they will," exclaimed the woodsman. "I thought they had far to ride," replied the girl, "and would choose, rather than wait, to take some cold provision to eat on the road." "Tush! go about your business, niece. The horses are not caught yet, and you may have your bacon fried before they are at the door."

During the interval Mary several times attempted to gain a moment's speech with Butler, but the presence of Adair and Lynch prevented. The repast was made ready and quickly eaten. Horse Shoe handed the woodsman the price of their entertainment, and the customary farewells were said. Mary, offering Butler her hand, whispered: "The left-hand road at the fork—remember," and glided out of his sight.

The woodsman took his rifle as he started to show the travelers their route, and with a long, swinging step kept without difficulty abreast with the horsemen. They had not gone half a mile before they reached a point in the woods at which Adair called a halt. "My trap is a little off the road," he said, "and we'll stop and see what luck I have this morning. This way, Horse Shoe." "Our time is pressing," answered Butler. "Pray, give us your directions as to the road, and we will go on." "You would never find it in these woods," replied Adair. "There are two or three paths leading through here and the road is a blind one till you come to the fork." He pressed so urgently that Horse Shoe turned into the thicket with him, and Butler also followed to the foot of a stately gum tree, where Adair had indeed caught a large wolf in his trap. So much time was lost through the woodsman's insisting on killing the wolf that Butler manifested no little impatience and displeasure, and when once more on the journey urged Adair forward without mercy. They reached the fork finally, and telling them to take the right-hand road, and about ten miles further to strike to the left, the woodsman said "good-by."

"Ride on!" said Butler, sternly, to Horse Shoe, who was about to reply to Adair. The travelers disappeared swiftly, and the treacherous guide, who had been bitten by the wolf, limped back to his dwelling. They had not galloped far when Butler reined up his horse and asked Horse Shoe what he thought of that woodsman. "He plays on both sides," replied Horse Shoe, "and knows more about *you* than by rights he ought. He spoke consarning you this morning as *Major* Butler; it came out of his mouth onawares." "Which reminds me," said Butler, "that I dreamt last night that Mary Musgrove came to our room and warned us our lives were in danger; she spoke of our being waylaid, and I think she advised us that we should take the left-hand road at this fork. The right, she said, led to some spring." "Perhaps the Dogwood," said Horse Shoe; "there is such a place somewhere in these parts." "The Dogwood—by my life! She certainly called it the Dogwood spring," exclaimed Butler. "That's strange," said Horse Shoe, "unless you hearn someone tell about the spring afore you went to bed last night. For there is such a spring not far off—although I don't know exactly where." "I am more and more perplexed," said Butler, "for this morning Mary Musgrove cautioned me, in a whisper, to take the left-hand road at the fork!" "There is something wrong here," said Horse Shoe, gravely; "there is something wrong as sure as you are born. I didn't like the crossness of Wat's wife last night; then what did the granny mean by her palaver about golden guineas in Wat's pocket—and the English officer? And the fuss and hinder this morning about the horses." "I will take the hint," said Butler. "Strike across into the left-hand road; in this will I move no further."

They turned into the thicket and proceeded across the space that filled up the angle made by the two branches of the road, Horse Shoe remarking that they "mought as well examine their fire-arms." He dismounted, and having primed his rifle afresh, attempted to fire it into the air, but it merely flashed without going off. This induced a second trial with the same results. Further investigation disclosed the fact that his rifle had been tampered with; and Butler's pistols were also incapable of being used. This work had evidently been done while they were at breakfast. Their eyes were opened to the imminent perils that threatened, and they pursued their way on the constant lookout for a surprise. One man whom they met in the forenoon told them they were on the most direct road to Grindall's ford, and that the route they had abandoned would have conducted them to Dogwood spring—which was out of their proper course, and from which the ford might only have been reached by a difficult by-way. They rode on through the day, and as twilight faded in the western

sky and the road in front of them was lost in darkness; a sense of immediate danger took possession of their minds. "I think I hear a wild sort of yell—like people laughing a great way off," said Horse Shoe. "Halt, major, there it is again." "It is the crying of a wild animal," said Butler, quietly, "and by my ear more than a mile from us." They jogged along, but Horse Shoe remarked, "It is more like the scream of drunken men. Hark! I thought I heard the clatter of a hoof." The travelers again reined up and listened. "It is a deer stalking through the bushes," said Butler. "No; that's the gallop of a horse making down the road ahead of us—as sure as you are alive. I heard the shoe strike a stone," said Horse Shoe. "Look to your pistols, major, and prime afresh."

"We seem to have ridden a great way," remarked Butler. "Can we have lost ourselves?" "I have seen no road that could take us astray," replied Horse Shoe. "By what we were told just afore sundown we must be near the ford, and it is only three miles from that to Christie's. Wat Adair directed us there, and I have a mind to propose that since we caught him in a trick this morning, to make for some other house or spend the night in the woods." "I will be ruled by you," said Butler. "Isn't that the glimmer of a light yonder in the bushes?" exclaimed Horse Shoe. "There it is again—there is some devilment goin' on in these woods. I saw a figure pass in front of the light through the bushes. I would be willing to swear it was a man on horseback. Here we are at the river." They rode cautiously into the water, which was shallow, and had reached the middle of the stream when a bullet whistled near their ears. "Spur, and out on the other side; quick, they are upon us," said Horse Shoe. They gained the opposite bank, aware that a number of assailants had galloped into the river from different points, and they directed all their energies to out-run their pursuers, who were firing incessantly; but in the very crisis of their escape Butler's horse, bounding under the prick of the spur, staggered and fell dead from a bullet of the enemy. Butler fell beneath the stricken animal, from whence he was unable to extricate himself. Horse Shoe sprang from his horse to assist him, and at the same instant the ruffians came up and surrounded them. "Bury your swords in both men to the hilt," shouted Hugh Habershaw. "I don't want that work to do to-morrow." "Stand off," cried one Gideon Blake, a stalwart woodsman, as two or three of the gang sprang to execute their captain's order. "The man is on his back; he shall not be murdered in cold blood." The assassins turned upon Horse Shoe, but another of the gang whom they called Peppercorn warded off the blows, crying, "Hold, you knaves! This is my prisoner; I will deal with him to my liking."

The prisoners were then each mounted behind a trooper, and in this manner conducted back across the river. The saddle and other equipments were stripped from Butler's dead horse, and Horse Shoe's faithful charger was burdened with two of the enemy's wounded men whose horses had escaped when they fell, for Horse Shoe's rifle had been used vigorously. Two of the assailants had been killed outright. Butler tried to learn of his captors why he and his companion had been molested on their journey, and on what pretense arrested, but was silenced by the brutal commander, and Horse Shoe whispered, "It is my advice, major, to ax no questions of these blackguards." Peppercorn was a tall, well-proportioned man, neatly dressed in the uniform of a British dragoon; but most of the party might have been taken for banditti of the most undisciplined and savage class. Peppercorn managed to give the prisoners food, and when the excitement had subsided he took Butler's cloak from the baggage and spread it on the ground beneath the shelter of the shrubbery, and thus the suffering officer was able to take a little much-needed rest. Then turning to Horse Shoe, Peppercorn tauntingly whispered, "Mayhap thou knowest me?" "That I do, James Curry, and I have a mean opinion of the company you keep," was the quick retort.

Captain Butler and Horse Shoe watched the course of events with keenest solicitude. They both understood the lawless habits of the rough men who had doubtless been hired to seize them. The morning dawned upon a strange scene. The drunken and coarse wretches of the night before were slow in making preparations for march. The prisoners were provided with two of the poorest horses of the troop and were escorted by four men under command of James Curry. About an hour after sunrise they arrived at Christie's. A consultation between Curry and Habershaw seemed to bode no good to the prisoners, but they concealed their fears, and Horse Shoe took advantage of the drinking proclivities and exhilaration of the troopers to affect an easy tone of companionship, for the purpose of throwing them off their guard. He soon discovered that they were divided in sentiment respecting some important question about the disposition of Butler and himself, and he played the rôle of a boon companion, roared loudly with the rioters, and drank with them hilariously. "You mightn't be so jolly if some that took the trouble to catch you should have their own way," said one woodsman to him in a whisper. "It's a tight pull whether you are to be held a prisoner of war or shoved under ground this morning." A few moments later Habershaw appeared and ordered the execution of the prisoners—they were to be shot without delay. Instantly there was a mutiny among the men, and it was four

against four: the mutineers demanding the safety of the prisoners until they were delivered to the commander of a regular post. They threatened Habershaw that if blood was spilled some of his own would be mixed with it. They looked ugly and determined. James Curry stepped in as peace-maker, and promised that the prisoners should be taken to a regular post.

The good-nature of Horse Shoe was undisturbed, and he laughed and told stories with those who had taken up the cause of the prisoners, as if nothing had occurred of a serious import, and with characteristic shrewdness paid special compliments (in the thin guise of wit) to one of the gang, a man named Clopper, who evinced so much amiability that Horse Shoe contrived with him a secret interview, which resulted in the sly transfer of a piece of gold into the freebooter's hand. Presently the order to mount was given, and the troopers repaired to their horses, where a short time was spent in making ready for the march, after which the ill-organized body returned to the porch and occupied the few minutes further delay in a boisterous drinking carousal. This was a period of intense interest to Horse Shoe, Clopper having lingered behind his comrades in the equipment of his horse, but he laughed at the rude jests and made merry with the crowd all the same.

"Give me that cup," he said, finally, with a loud haw, haw, haw, to one of the men, pointing to a gourd on the table. "I have a notion to drink some water after all this liquor." And, walking deliberately to the draw-well, dipped in the gourd, and turned his back upon the company while he drank. Then, suddenly throwing the gourd away, he sprang toward his own trusty horse, leaped into the saddle at one bound, and sped like an arrow from a bow along the highway. This exploit was so swift in its execution and so entirely unexpected, that no one was aware of his purpose until he was twenty paces off. Then three or four rifle-shots were fired after him in rapid succession, and he was seen ducking his head and moving it from side to side, with a view to baffle the aim of the marksmen. The order "to horse" was obeyed with alacrity, but the bridles were all tied in hard knots in such a way as to connect each two or three horses together. Some delay was thus occasioned, and Curry was the first to disentangle his reins and dash after the prisoner, followed by two of the men, who returned in about half an hour and reported that they had been unable to overtake or even see Horse Shoe or Curry. It seems that Horse Shoe, glancing behind him, had observed that Curry was foremost in pursuit, and pulled up his horse as if to allow himself to be overtaken. Curry came up and laid his hand upon the bridle of Horse Shoe's horse;

but, as Curry afterward related to Habershaw, "by some sudden sleight which he must have taught his horse, he contrived to upset me, horse and all, down a bank by the roadside. And when I lay on the ground sprawling, the jolly runagate reined up and gave me a broad laugh, and asked if he 'mought be of any further sarvice to me!' He then bade me 'good-by,' saying he had an engagement that prevented him from favoring me any longer with his company."

Horse Shoe's clever escape was to obtain help to rescue Butler, whose situation without Horse Shoe was no more perilous, although he was more rigorously guarded. When the party reached Blackstocks, a rude hamlet that had been made famous by the gallant repulse of Tarleton by Sumter, Butler was quartered in a barn and deprived of all personal comforts, and when next they marched, he was compelled to walk. During the night in the barn, Butler, pretending to sleep, heard the condition of the armies discussed by his guard and some militia-men, and could hardly forbear a smile when it was told that a vidette of the British had come scampering into the place that morning on a big black horse, all in a foam, to warn the people that Sumter was near Ninety-six. Habershaw, loitering by the barn-door, said there was not a word of truth in it, for Sumter was in North Carolina, marching toward Burk, and asked who saw the vidette. "The whole detachment," was the reply. "A queer fellow he was; had almost been caught by a pair of reconnoitering whigs a few miles back. He told us you were on the road." "We have seen nobody on the road. When did the man arrive?" "About an hour before you. We asked him his name, and he said, with a great haw, haw, that he never was christened, but was called 'Jack-o'-Lantern,' and that if we wanted more of him we must give him a snatch of something to eat, which we did, and to drink also. Then he said he must have our landlord's sword, for his own had been torn from him by the whig troopers that pushed him so hard—and that the bill for it must be sent to Cruger. So we gave him the old cheese knife that used to hang over the fireplace, and he strung it across his shoulder. He laughed so hard, and seemed so good-natured that we treated him as well as we knew how. When he had mounted his horse again, he said Captain Habershaw was an old friend of his, and would be here presently and tell us all the news. Then away he went clinking it over the hills at the rate of twenty miles an hour." "A black horse, did you say?" asked Habershaw. "Had he a white star in the forehead, and hind legs white below the knee?" "Exactly so," replied the man. "Horse Shoe Robinson, to be sure!" came from half a dozen voices. "The cunning old fox," exclaimed one of the

troopers ; "to think of his getting past the guard with a good dinner and a sword into the bargain!"

In the evening of the same day a knock was heard at the door of the little cottage of Allen Musgrove, the miller, on the banks of the Ennoree, which was near a small, low-browed mill, built of wood. The old man had just been reading a portion of Scripture, and was on his knees attending family prayers, but he started up and asked, "Who raps?" A voice from without said: "A stranger, a poor fellow who has been hot pressed and hard run, and as harmless as a barndoor fowl." "I do not fear you," said Musgrove, opening the door. Horse Shoe strode into the apartment with cheerful words, and Mrs. Musgrove and Christopher Shaw, her nephew, placed some food before him. "Are you friend or foe?" asked Musgrove; "I take no part in the war myself on either side." "Allen, I know you, and am not afeared to trust you. Perchance you mought have heard of one Horse Shoe Robinson, who lived over here at the Waxhaws? I won't tell you that he is here in your house to-night, for the tories might call you to account for harboring him. But I have had a hard time to get to you. An officer of the Continental army and me had been traveling through these parts, and most onaccountably ambushed by a half wild-cat, half bull-dog by the name of Hugh Habershaw, who cotech us in the night at Grindall's ford. I took the chance to slip the noose this morning, and after riding plump into a hornet's nest at Blackstocks, where I put on a new face and tricked the guard, I took a course for this mill, asking people along the road where I should find Allen Musgrove; and so after making some roundabouts, and dodging into the woods until night come on to keep clear of the sodgers, here I am."

"And the officer?" asked Mr. Musgrove. "In the hands of the murderers yet," replied Horse Shoe, "most likely now at Blackstocks. His name is Butler, a gentleman that has been used to tender life and good fortune; he has lands on the sea coast, unless that new-fangled court at Charlestown they call seekerstations has nulled and voided them. We came now from Virginy, but lastly from Wat Adair's, who put us into the wild-cat's claws. There was a tidy, spruce, smart little girl there—maybe you know her, for her name is Mary Musgrove—who managed to warn us there was harm in the wind, and we took her advice; but it didn't do."

"Our Mary! our own Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Musgrove. "I wish the child was at home. It is an ill place for her at Wat Adair's," said Mr. Musgrove. "Christopher, at daylight to-morrow morning saddle a horse and be off to Adair's and bring Mary home."

A few moments later Horse Shoe learned that Colonel Innis had some

light corps stationed within two miles, and that the country was swarming with troops of one kind or another. The British fort at Ninety-six was one side of him and Hanging Rock on the other. Colonel Innis was keeping the passage open, and almost hourly his men were passing. When Horse Shoe had finished his supper Mr. Musgrove invited him to join in the conclusion of the family worship which had been interrupted by his arrival, and they were about to retire for the night when the door was suddenly thrown open, and in rushed pretty Mary Musgrove, springing into her father's arms, from which she jumped to kiss her mother, exclaiming, "I am so tired, so tired. I have ridden the live-long day—alone, and frightened out of my wits. Oh, father, there have been such doings! Ah! here is Mr. Horse Shoe Robinson. Where is Major Butler?"

She soon heard the eventful history of the last two days, and her mother caressed her, meanwhile feeding her as she would an infant, as she told of the wicked people in her uncle's house, who talked of mischief and murder. Her father walked to and fro, clenching his teeth with anger, for he knew that Mary's disclosures were the testimony of a witness whose senses could not be disturbed by illusions nor clouded by fear. When the family once more broke up for the night, Mary followed Horse Shoe to the foot of the stair to his attic chamber, and said in a half whisper: "I think John Ramsay might help you do something for Major Butler; he belongs to General Sumter's brigade. If you will go to his father's, six miles from here on the upper road to Ninety-six, you may possibly hear where John is. But maybe you are afraid to go so near the fort?" "It's a good thought, Mary," replied Horse Shoe. "I know the place, I know the family, and I know John himself. I want help now more than I ever did in my life. I'll start before daylight—for it won't do to skip round much in the sunshine with Innis's sodgers so nigh. So if I am missed to-morrow morning, let your father know how it happened."

Just before daybreak next morning [which was Sunday] James Curry, returning from a mission to Ninety-six concerning the disposition of Butler, was riding leisurely through the woods toward Blackstocks—about four miles from Musgrove's mill—whistling and singing by snatches as he proceeded on his way. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a blow was bestowed on the back of his head by what seemed a ponderous hand, that swayed him from the line of gravity—he reeled in his saddle and alighted on his back in the road, with one foot attached to the stirrup and the reins of his horse grasped firmly in his hand. "Singin' on Sunday is agin the law," said a hoarse voice that came apparently from the air. Curry could see nothing in the darkness, and for the instant was

panic-stricken with what seemed to him a mysterious visitation. He lay for a moment prostrate, then struggled to his feet and almost fancied he heard the dull beat of a horse's hoof in the distance. But even while straining his ear to catch the sound again he was convinced that he had been mistaken, and drawing his sword all at once, called out, "Beware! Who waylays me? I warn him in the name of the king that I am on his Majesty's errand, and they are not far off who will punish any outrage on my person!" Then, after a pause, exclaimed, "By all the powers, the place is bewitched!" He crept trembling into his saddle and moved at first slowly forward; then, hearing or seeing nothing, gradually increased his pace from a trot to a gallop and from that to almost high speed until he emerged from the wood into open country. About ten o'clock that morning he arrived at Blackstocks, and communicated certain orders to Habershaw, respecting Butler, from the commander at Ninety-six. Before noon the whole party, including the militia department, were on the march, compelling Butler to walk, and just before sunset arrived at the camp of Colonel Innis.

On that same Sunday morning, about eight o'clock, Horse Shoe Robinson might have been seen leaving the main road from Ninety-six by a private path which led through the forest to the house of David Ramsay, which was situated on a by-road, not more than a mile from the principal route of travel between Ninety-six and Blackstocks. It is a matter of history that after the fall of Charleston and the rapid subjugation of South Carolina by the British, there were three bold and skillful soldiers, Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, who carried on the war of the patriots with a well-digested plan of annoyance, and under the most disheartening destitution as regards means of offence that history records. They kept up an apparently hopeless partisan warfare with unparalleled bravery, amidst innumerable discomfitures, which contributed largely to the expulsion of the British power. In their plan of operations, Marion took the lower country under his supervision, Pickens the southwestern districts bordering on the Savannah, and to Sumter was allotted the tract lying between the Broad and Catawba rivers from their junction below Camden, to the mountainous districts of North Carolina. Thus the high-road between Ninety-six and Blackstocks was almost as necessary for communication between Sumter and Pickens, as between the several British garrisons.

Horse Shoe knew that Innis was encamped on the Ennoree, not far from Musgrove's mill, and he had met with considerable delay in his morning ride by the small foraging parties of the enemy that he was obliged to dodge, and coming in view of Ramsay's house, he resolved to

reconnoitre before advancing upon a post that might be in possession of the red-coats. He dismounted and fastened his horse in a fence corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily proceeded until he came behind one of the out-houses, from which point he easily satisfied himself that he could enter the house without danger. Mrs. Ramsay recognized him at once, and told him her husband had gone to the meeting-house on the Ennoree, hoping to hear something of the army; and she asked him for news. His answer was characteristic of the man. He had brought no news, but, he said, "at this present speaking I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps—and that's myself; and all the guns we have got is this piece of ordnance, that hangs in this old belt by my side (pointing to his sword), and that I captured from the enemy at Blackstocks. I was hoping I might find John Ramsay at home—I have need of him as a recruit."

Mrs. Ramsay told him of the hard life her son John had with Sumter—"often without his natural rest or a meal's victuals"—and the general thinking so much of him that he could not spare him to come home. She said they had expected him that morning, but she was glad he did not come, for he would have been certain to get into trouble, for just after her husband left the house on his horse, a young cock-a-whoop ensign from Ninety-six, and four great Scotchmen in red coats, came along and swaggered about the house, calling for this and for that, and turning into the yard, killed as many of her chickens and ducks as they could string about them, and went on. "Who is at home with you?" asked Horse Shoe, eagerly. "Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered the dame. "What arms have you in the house?" asked Horse Shoe. "We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John—" "Which way did they go?" interrupted Horse Shoe. "Straight forward toward Ninety-six—but, Mr. Horse Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?" "Isn't there an old field about a mile from here on that road, and a shabby, racketty cabin in the middle of the field?" he asked, intent upon his own thoughts. "Yes," she replied. "And nobody lives in it; it has no door to it?" "Mr. Horse Shoe, there has been no family there these seven years."

"I know the place well," said Horse Shoe. It was raining, and he asked how long before the rain began it was that they quitted the house, and when she told him "not above fifteen minutes," he immediately asked for the rifle and pistol, and the powder horn and bullets; and when she returned with them he asked for her boy Andrew, a lad about thirteen, who came at her call, his clothes dripping with rain. "How would you

like a scrimmage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse Shoe. "I am agreed if you will tell me what to do," said the boy, with an open, fearless expression on his bright face. "You are not going to take my boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horse Shoe!" exclaimed the mother, with the tears starting to her eyes. "Bless your soul, there ar'n't no danger about it! It's a thing that's either done at a blow or not done. I want the boy only to bring home the prisoners for me after I've took 'em. I give you my honor that I will bring or send him home safe in one hour, and he sha'n't be put in any sort of danger whatsomedever—" "It ain't nothing!" interrupted Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "Pooh! if I'm not afraid, mother, you oughtn't to be," and she sadly consented.

Horse Shoe loaded the fire-arms, gave the pistol to the boy, and shouldered the rifle. He turned with a laugh as he was crossing the threshold, saying: "Andy and me will teach them Pat's point of war—we will *surround* the ragmuffins." Andy mounted the horse behind Horse Shoe, and as they rode along the soldier told the boy how to shield his pistol from the rain, and what to do if they found the party in the hut. "It is a supposable case," he said, "that when the rain begun they would go into the driest place they could find. Just at the edge of the woods you are to get down and put yourself behind a tree; I'll ride forward as if I had a whole troop at my heels. And if it is as I expect they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they will be cooking some of your mother's fowls. If I get at them onawares, they will be apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarter. And thereupon, Andy, I will cry out 'STAND FAST,' as if I was speaking to my own men; then you are to come up full tilt, and run into the house and bring out the muskets, as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen; and when you've done that, why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of fire-arms—that is, more than one shot, which I might let off—do you take that for a bad sign and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?" "Oh, yes," replied the lad; "I'll do what you want, and more, too, maybe, Mr. Robinson." "*Captain* Robinson; you must call me *captain*, remember, in the hearing of these Scotchmen," said Horse Shoe.

They soon came in sight of the field, and smoke was indeed issuing from the chimney of the hovel. The boy was made to repeat the signals agreed upon and left behind, while Horse Shoe galloped across the intervening space, pausing in the doorway of the hut, and springing from his saddle stepped inside, with his rifle aimed at the little group round a fire. "Surrender," he shouted, "to Captain Robinson of the Free Will Volun-

teers and the Continental Congress, or you are dead men!" And with a voice of thunder he cried, as if speaking to a corps outside, "Halt! File off, cornet, right and left, to both sides of the house!" And to the men before him: "The first one of you that budes a foot from that there fire-place shall have fifty balls through his body!"

"To arms!" cried the young officer. "Leap to your arms, men!" But Horse Shoe was between them and the pile of muskets in the corner by the door, and the men did not stir. "I don't want yer blood, but if you move an inch I fire," said Horse Shoe, coolly. "Upon him at the risk of your lives!" shouted the officer, discharging his own pistol, which by a sudden dodge of Horse Shoe failed of its mark. "Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" called out Andy by the door, appearing most opportunely. "Not yet; keep them outside! STAND FAST!" cried Horse Shoe. Then to the officer: "It's onpossible for me to keep my sodgers off a minute longer; if you hope for quarter, give up." The lad meanwhile was calling off names, and the device convinced the young officer that resistance was hopeless. "Lower your rifle, sir," he said to Horse Shoe. "In the presence of a superior force, and being without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender these men under my command." Horse Shoe agreed to make fair terms, and ordered his supposititious troops outside: "Right hand file, advance and receive the arms of the prisoners!" "I am here, captain," said Andy, and entering the hut he carried out the weapons. "Now, sir," said Horse Shoe to the officer, "your sword, and whatsoever else you mought have about you of the ammunitions of war." The young man handed him his sword and a pair of pocket pistols. "Your name, sir," continued Horse Shoe. "Ensign St. Jermyn, of his majesty's Seventy-first regiment of light infantry." "Walk out now and form in line at the door," said Horse Shoe. The prisoners obeyed, but when they saw only one horse, one man, and one boy they cursed a little, and laughed, and for a few minutes were about to turn upon their captors. But Horse Shoe's rifle was pointed toward them, and he told Andy to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips. "You have my word, sir; lead on," said the officer.

The prisoners were marched in front of the novel procession down the road to Ramsay's, Andy with all the fire-arms on his shoulders following Horse Shoe, who was leading his horse. "Well, Mistress Ramsay, your boy did excellent service; these here men are *his* prisoners," said Horse Shoe, on their arrival. The captives were conducted to a small log store-house, and locked in; Andy was placed on guard. It was a little after

noon, and the rain had ceased. David Ramsay, coming from church, recognized Horse Shoe, and on being told of the capture of the foraging party, inspected them through the chinks of their prison-house and laughed immoderately, but soon became grave and troubled. He had hitherto lived peaceably with his neighbors, maintaining a neutral position on the question of independence, although his eldest son was active in the field with Sumter. But he foresaw that the capture of these men and their confinement on his premises would decide his fate. In an earnest, confidential talk with Horse Shoe he proved an invaluable adviser as to the proper measures to be taken for the relief of Butler.

As the afternoon waned, Mary Musgrove rode briskly into the yard, attended by her cousin, Christopher Shaw. They brought intelligence concerning Butler. While on the high-road near by, where that very morning James Curry had been struck down by a goblin, they met a military party of horse and foot, and were detained at the head of the column to answer questions. Christopher's replies were satisfactory. He was only riding with his kinswoman on a social visit to a neighbor—the country generally was quiet as far as he knew—and they were suffered to pass on. Mary had seen Butler on foot in the centre of a guard; and thus it was evident that he was already at Innis's camp. Horse Shoe at once recognized the fact that Butler was in the hands of those who had hired the ruffians to capture him, and would be summarily dealt with.

He went to the storehouse, and directed Ensign St. Jermyn to follow him into the dwelling, and, giving him a chair, pen, and paper, said: "You will now write as I bid you." "To what end?" asked the young officer. "To the settlement of your worldly affairs, if the consarns of to-morrow should bring ill-luck to a friend of mine. Tell your commander that you are in the hands of the continentals, and if any mischief is done Major Butler you are to die the first minute we hear of it," said Horse Shoe, sternly. The officer took up the pen, then flung it down again. "I will not write—do with me as you please," he said. "David Ramsay, get me a rope; this night he swings in the wind," exclaimed Horse Shoe, and took the cord that Ramsay supplied. "For God's sake, spare him!" cried Mary Musgrove. "Mr. Ramsay can write a letter to Colonel Innis." "Girl, get you gone; this is no place for women. I've said it, and I'll do it," said Horse Shoe. Mary fled, sobbing, and St. Jermyn looked up: "I am young, sir, not above twenty, and I have a mother and sisters in England—" "We've no time to talk about kinsfolk; Major Butler has those that love his life, and if they are brought to grief by the onnatural rascality of British officers, it matters not to me if every daughter and sister in Eng-

land pines away of heart-sickness for the loss of them they love best. Take my advice, and write the letter," said Horse Shoe sternly.

Seeing it was his only chance for life, the letter was written; and Horse Shoe and David Ramsay then went to the storehouse and promised the incarcerated men that if they would give their parole not to serve as soldiers until they were fairly exchanged they should be liberated before daybreak. The parole was duly signed by each. It was speedily arranged that Horse Shoe and Christopher Shaw should conduct St. Jermyn to some hiding-place in the mountains, and David Ramsay was to escort Mary back to her father's house, and concoct measures for the delivery of the letter. Colonel Innis had been conspicuous in the court of sequestrations at Charleston, and had much to do with the large property of Major Butler, which it was alleged would come into his possession for private and hazardous secret services, in the matter of seducing and bringing to the army of King George an opulent and authoritative gentleman of Virginia, Mr. Philip Lindsay.

Early the next morning Butler was visited by the British officer, Captain St. Jermyn, who proved to be an older brother of the young ensign captured by Horse Shoe. He came to inform Butler of his coming trial before a court of inquiry on a charge of "treason." Later in the forenoon Butler was conducted to the foot of a large mulberry-tree, where Colonel Innis presided at a table, around which were seated several officers, and four extraordinary charges were made against him, the second being his visit to the family of Walter Adair as a spy! It was evident that his speedy execution was contemplated, and Butler listened to the iniquitous falsehoods in dismay. Many people had crowded near the table, among them a few venders of fruits and vegetables. A smart-looking girl carried a basket of mellow apples, and recommended them in such a sweet-toned voice that she easily made her way to the head of the table. "Buy my apples, three for a penny—they are ripe and mellow, sir," she said fearlessly to Colonel Innis, her laughing blue eyes peering from the shade of a deep narrow sun-bonnet. The colonel selected a few apples, and the girl placed the basket on the table in the midst of the hats and swords, and every member of the court followed the example of the colonel. Then the pretty fruit merchant took up her burden, and retiring among the spectators walked up to the prisoner, courtesied, and presented him an apple, which was gratefully accepted. Shortly after this interruption the trial was resumed, and witnesses were called one after another to testify, including Curry, whose false statements shocked Butler more than aught else.

(To be continued.)

AN EARLY COMBAT IN VERMONT

An old Greek grammar in my possession, entitled *Institutio Græcæ Grammatices*, originally belonged to Rev. Stephen Williams, the son of the Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, who wrote *The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion*. Rev. Stephen Williams was carried to Canada with his father, and "returned from Canada the 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord 1705," as he himself states on the fly-leaf. On two of the blank leaves at the beginning of the book is an account of a skirmish with the Indians in 1709, which I have never seen in print. It is in Mr. Williams' handwriting. Mention of the skirmish is made in the appendix to the *Redeemed Captive*, found in the later editions, and in Judd's *Hadley*. The last named says: "In 1709, Captain B. Wright with about ten men crossed the wilderness to Lake Champlain. On the 20th of May they killed one Indian and wounded others near the lake. On their return they had a skirmish with a party of Indians on Onion river, and Lieutenant John Wells, of Deerfield, was slain; John Burt, of Northampton, was slain or perished in the woods, and John Strong, of Northampton, was wounded. The General Court gave to Captain Wright £12, and to nine men £6 each. They had a pocket-compass to guide them." Mr. Williams' account is as follows: "On the 26th of May 1709 came in Captain Benjamin Wright, Henery Wright, John Strong, John Olmsted, Jonathan Hoit, Timothy Chit—, Thomas Regan, Epraim—, and Joseph—, from the Lake, who had made attack upon eight Indians towards the east side of Lake, who reckon they killed four and wounded a fith so ye boat padled away. When they were coming home upon the french river they saw a canoe with four Indians in it, shot upon it and killed two right out, wounded the other two, one of which jumpt out of the canoe which they killed as he was going upon the bank on the other side, but they started up an Englishman, which they had padle the canoe to y^m, but the wounded Indian y^t was in the canoe paddled the other way and the Englishman towards them, so y^t they fell down the stream and got to neither shore. They bid this Englishman take up an hatchet and knock him on the head. He toke up a hatchet in order to do it, but the Indian took hold of it and got it away from him. They struggled and turned the canoe over. This Englishman was carried down the stream thirty or forty rods, so y^t four men ran to help him, but twö of

which made some stop to shoot at the Indian y^t was turned out of the canoe with the Englishman, the other two ran yet lower & help this man out, but a company of Indians y^t were below came upon these two men, killed one, namely John Wells; the other they shot with shot, but his wound is not dangerous, the said captive (*i.e.* the one hitherto called 'the Englishman') took the said Wells his gun, but they were all quickly put to flight, the said captive they quickly lost. They likewise lost one John Burt, as they fled."

Bernard C. Steiner

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EARTH'S NOBLEST MEN

A SONNET BY THOMAS MACKELLAR

Some men are born t' endure the toil and strife
And heavy burdens of the earth. They are
The pillars in the temple of this life,

Its strength and ornament; or, hidden far
Beneath, they form its firm foundation-stone.

In nobleness they stand distinct and lone;

Yet other men upon them lean, and fain
(Such selfishness in human bosoms swells)

Would lay on them the weight of their own pain.
Where greatness is, a patient spirit dwells;

They least repine who bear and suffer most:

In calm and stern endurance they sustain

The ills whereof ignoble minds complain;

And in their lot they stand, nor weakly sigh nor boast.

—*Rhymes Atween Times.*

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTES ON POEMS AND BALLADS

RELATING TO MAJOR ANDRÉ

But little of the poetry that concerns the plot in which André was engaged has decided merit; most of it is mere doggerel and unworthy of preservation from a literary point of view. There is a value in the verses, however, more important than that bestowed by the approval of critics. They have helped to shape and to voice public feeling in regard to Arnold's treason and the actors in it, and by aiding right judgment in these particulars they have quickened the sense of patriotism as well. An index to periodical literature at any period indicates the taste and tendency of the time. By this means we know that while the public is fickle in its literary likings—as a rule—and may cease to care to-morrow for that which pleases it to-day, its interest in the André matter is perennial and as active now as it was one hundred years ago. The makers of verse may have been less prolific of good results in his case than the writers of prose, but they have not slighted him, and it would make an interesting exhibit to bring together all of the good, bad, and indifferent efforts in a single place.

Before periodicals were widely circulated the earlier verses mentioned in these notes had a higher value than they have to-day. Issued in broadside form, they were recited and sung throughout the land, and no one can estimate the influence they exerted for good in a patriotic way. At that period there were but few among the people who called Arnold's treason a "defection"; who questioned the justice of André's fate, or who doubted the motives of his captors.

Fortunately for those who compose verses, the habit of reading them once formed is seldom recovered from, and demands a fresh supply of rhyme and rhythm day by day. Readers of verses, however, are equally blessed, for the propensity to write poetry is incurable, and the abundance of the product makes it one of the common luxuries of life. While the term "lovers of verse" does not comprise the whole of human kind, it does include all sorts and conditions of men, and until the millennium dawns there will be an influential class who place a lower value upon an essay or a story than they do upon a ballad or a song. As with poetry in general, so it is with that which relates to André in particular: neither the demand nor the supply seems likely to fail.

In the *Magazine of American History* [viii. 61-72] may be found an elaborate "Bibliography of Major André," by Charles A. Campbell, which contains many valuable suggestions to collectors of Andréana. The subdivision of the article on "Poems and Ballads" is but briefly treated, and the following supplementary references are reported for the benefit of readers who take an interest in the subject, with the hope that they will add to the list and complete it.

That the number of poems relating to André must be large is indicated by the fact that the references given below were culled from a moderate-sized collection of books relating to the treason of Arnold, and from a miscellaneous library of similar proportions, neither of which had been gathered with reference to the subject-matter of this paper.

1. *Prophecy of André*. An ode written in 1780. London, 1782.
 2. *Remembrance*. One of the last poems written by Miss Anna Seward. 1809. Refers to André and Honora.
 3. *André*. By McDonald Clarke. *The Gossip*. Gray & Bunce, New York, 1823.
 4. *André*. By Charles W. Upham. *The Bowdoin Poets*. Joseph Griffin, Brunswick, 1840.
 5. *On Sir Henry Clinton's Recall*. Author unknown. Vol. I. p. 270;
 6. *West Point*. By Margaretta V. Faugeres. Vol. I. p. 381;
 7. *His Captors to André*. By G. W. Miller. Vol. III. p. 354;
 8. *André's Request to Washington*. By N. P. Willis. Vol. III. p. 415.
- Songs, Odes, and Other Poems*. Collected and published by William McCarty, Philadelphia, 1842. 3 vols.
9. *Arnold; or, the Treason at West Point*. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Horatio Hubbell. Philadelphia, 1847.
 10. *The Highland Treason*. By E. G. Holland. Essays and a Drama. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, 1852. P. 241.
 11. *Arnold and Other Poems*. By J. R. Orton. Partridge & Brittan, New York, 1854.
 12. *André*. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By W. W. Lord. Charles Scribner, New York, 1852.
 13. *David Williams*. By Alfred B. Street. *Centennial Celebrations of the State of New York*. Allan C. Beach, Albany, 1879.
 14. *Sergeant Champe*. Author unknown. *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*. Frank Moore. Appleton & Co., New York, 1856.
 15. *Washington*. A Heroic Drama of the Revolution in Five Acts. By Ingersoll Lockwood. New York, 1875.

16. *Washington*. A Drama in Five Acts. By Martin F. Tupper. James Martin, New York, 1876.
17. *At the André Monument*. By Minna Irving. Sunnyside Press, Tarrytown, N. Y., June, 1880.
18. *Lines on André and his Captors*. Author unknown.
19. *Commemoration of the Capture of André*. By "Elfride."
The History of the County of Westchester. Rev. Robert Bolton. New York, 1881.
20. *André*. By John Anketell. Centennial Souvenir of Monument Association of Captors of André. 1881. P. 129.
21. *Arnold's Treason*. By Henry W. Hurlbert. *Life and Writings of Frank Forrester*. Orange Judd & Co., New York, 1882. Vol. II. p. 272.
22. Lossing. *The Two Spies*. Poem found on Field Monument at Tappan. New York papers, February 24, 1882. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1886. P. 118.
23. *Major André and Arnold's Treason*.* J. J. Sabin & Son's *American Bibliophilist*. New York. Vol. IV. p. 132.

* This ballad is also given in McCarty's *Songs, Odes, etc.*, vol. iii., p. 70, under the title "Major André." The language differs widely in the two reprints, but Sabin's is a verbatim copy of a contemporary broad-sheet, and although Paulding masquerades as Spaulding in it, the poem is without doubt a correct transcript. Such variations in readings are very common, and sometimes equally curious as well. A comparison of two copies of the well-known "Acrostic on Arnold" may be of interest as an illustration of these facts. The first is in *Andréana*, Horace W. Smith, Philadelphia, 1865, p. 57; the second in *The Frontiersmen of New York*, by Jephtha R. Simms, Albany, 1883, p. 730. Other examples could easily be given, but this is selected on account of its brevity.

I.

"Born for a curse to nature and mankind,
Earth's broadest realms can't show so black a mind;
Night's sable veil your crimes can never hide,
Each one so great would glut historic tide.
Defunct, your cursed memory will live
In all the glare that infamy can give;
Curses of ages will attend your name;
Traitors will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance earnestly waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul;
Nature looks down, with conscious error sad,
On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
Let hell receive you, riveted in chains,
Doomed to the hottest of its flames."

24. *Paulding the Patriot*. By Minna Irving. *Songs of a Haunted Heart*. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, 1888. 164.

25. *Major André's Ride*. By Thomas H. Farnham. The Sunnyside Press. Tarrytown, N. Y., February 23, 1889.

26. *West Point*. By Leon Del Monte. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1890.

In fiction add:

1. *Secrets of Arnold's Treason; or, Victors and Victims*. By Charles Porter Sumner. Hilton & Co., New York, n. d.

2. *A Great Treason. A Story of the War of Independence*. By Mary A. M. Hoppus. McMillan & Co., New York, 1883.

3. *Eventful Nine Days, September 23 to October 2, 1780*. A Story of André the Spy, and Arnold the Traitor. Tarrytown *Argus*, December 19, 1885.

2.

"Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's darkest realm can't show so black a mind;
Night, sable night, thy crimes can never hide,
Each is so great it gluts historic tide.
Defunct, thy memory shall ever live
In all the glare that infamy can give;
Curses of ages shall attend thy name;
Traitors alone shall glory in thy fame.

Almighty vengeance waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur o'er thy treach'rous soul;
Nature looks back, with conscious error sad,
On such a tarnished blot that she had made.
Let hell receive thee riveted in chains,
D—d to the focus of its hottest flames!"

J. P. Boutant.

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.

THE UNITED STATES IN PARAGRAPHS

[Continued from page 144]

ARIZONA

One of the "South Pacific" group of states. Area, 113,020 square miles; 335 miles wide, 390 miles long. Latitude, $31^{\circ} 20'$ to 37° N.; longitude, 109° to $114^{\circ} 45'$ W. Population in 1890, 59,691. The name is from *Arizonac*, a district of the native Pima race. Its English meaning is not authoritatively defined. "Sand Hills," "Maiden Queen," and "Silver Bearing" are among the fanciful translations. Nicknamed "the Apache State," from a warlike native tribe; "the Sunset State," from the peculiar splendor of the evening skies. State motto, "Ditat Deus" = Let God enrich.

PREHISTORIC. Ruins, relics, and tradition indicate that about the beginning of the Christian era Arizona was peopled by a race well advanced toward civilization. The surviving remnants of this race are found in the Pueblo native tribes, whose dwellings were the first of permanent character that were built in America. (See Bancroft, vol. xii., Arizona and New Mexico.)

1539. Marcos de Niza, an Italian Franciscan, penetrates to the Gila valley with one Estivan (Stephen), a negro freedman.

March. Niza first hears at Vacapa of the fabled "Seven Cities," for which prospectors have searched ever since.

May 15-20. Estivan, sent in advance,

reaches Cibola (Zuni), but is put to death for indiscreet attentions to the native women.

May 22 (?). Niza advances to within sight of Zuni, erects a cross, claims the country for Spain, and retires, reaching the coast in June or July.

1540, July. Vasquez de Coronado, with a considerable force of Spaniards and Indians, invades the territory from Mexico, and assaults the Pueblo towns, while Hernando de Alarcon ascends the Colorado river as far as the Grand Cañon. The river was named Buena Guia by Alarcon, and Rio del Tizon, by Coronado.—Expedition of Captain Tobar.

1541-1542. The breeding of horses and sheep probably introduced by the Spaniards of Coronado's army.

1542, April. Coronado marches to the coast, leaving missionary friars to convert the natives.

1543-1560. The Spanish records refer to the territory as "Primaria Alta," and "Moqui Province."

1563-1565. A somewhat mythical expedition of one F. de Ibarra, who is said to have reached the Pueblo cities.

1581-1583. Missions undertaken by the padres Roderiguez and Lopez, who are killed by Indians.—Don Antonio Espejo pushes a private exploration to the Pueblos, visiting seventy-four towns, and reckoning their aggregate popula-

tion at two hundred and fifty-three thousand.

1590, July 27. Gaspar Castaño de Soza, with one hundred and seventy intending settlers and a cumbersome wagon-train, marches from Texas.

1591, January. He reaches the Pueblo region.

March. Castaño is arrested by order of the crown for conducting a "contraband" expedition.

1598. Don Juan de Oñate enters the present territory from New Mexico. Little is known of his visit.—Expedition of Captain Marcos Farfan.

1599, March 2. Oñate reports the conquest of New Mexico and Arizona.

1600. First Jesuit missionaries visit the Pueblo towns but do not remain.

1604, October 7. Oñate undertakes and accomplishes a march from his headquarters, in New Mexico, to the Pacific.

1605, April 25. Returning, he reaches San Gabriel, N. M.

1617-1620. Arrival of Padre Geronimo de Zarate Salmeron, and renewed activity of missionaries.

1626. Alleged establishment of forty-six churches and conversion of sixty thousand natives.

1630. The name Gila or Xila (river) first appears in Spanish official reports.

1642-1660. Successive revolts of the natives against Spanish oppression, aided by the Apaches and other warlike tribes, leading to the final abandonment of the province.

1661-1664. Governor Peñalosa visits the Pueblo towns.

1680. The Spaniards are driven out by the natives.

1681. Governor Otermin partially re-subjugates the province.

1692-1693. Reconquest by Don Diego de Vargas.

1696. Renewed and partly successful revolt.

1698-1711. Notable explorations and services of the Jesuit Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, probably the first resident Jesuit.

1701-1750. With the exception of the ever-present chance of an Apache or Navajo raid, the province is subjected to Spanish rule, and falls into the hopeless lethargy that inevitably resulted.

1706. Captain Holguin storms the pueblo of Tehua, but is subsequently defeated by the Moquis.

1736-1741. Silver mining excitement at Arizonac; lands claimed for the crown.

1748, December 20. Original issue of the Peralta grant, covering most of the Gila valley, subsequently confirmed, in its chief features, under American law.

1750. Revolt of the Pima tribes.

1751-1822. Period of confirmed Spanish rule. Natives practically reduced to slavery under plea of Christianization; fierce wars with the Apaches and other warlike tribes; the country ruthlessly drained of its wealth for the benefit of Spain.

1774. Expedition of Captain Juan B. Anza, reaching the California coast.

1776. Permanent Spanish occupation of San Augustin del pueblo de Tucson. (The claims of Tucson to alleged earlier settlement are not regarded as valid.)

1790. Beginning of mining operations.

1790-1810. Comparative peace with

the Apaches, and beginnings of prosperity.

1821. Archbishopal visit of Bernardo del Espiritu Santo.

1824. Establishment of the Republic of Mexico, including the present territory of Arizona.

1828. Missions suppressed by the Mexican government, and the whole territory raided by the Apaches and other savage tribes.

1829-1836. Explorations of Kit Carson, Pauline Weaver, Ewing Young, David Jackson, and others.

1832-1836. Fierce wars with the Apaches; Mexican settlements practically exterminated.

1836. The Apaches, previously friendly, become hostile to Americans in consequence of overbearing treatment; twenty-two trappers (Kemp's party) killed on the Gila river.

1842-1843. War with the Pápagos and Gila tribes.

1848, July 4. A large part of the territory acquired by the United States by purchase (\$15,000,000), and as a result of the war with Mexico. (Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.)

1849-1850. Large numbers of emigrants cross Arizona *en route* to the California gold fields.

1850. Territory of New Mexico organized, including part of Arizona.

1850, November 27. Camp Independence, afterward Fort Yuma, established by Captain Heintzelman. This post became Arizona City in 1854.

1851, January. Survey under Lieutenant Geo. H. Derby, U. S. A. (Afterward widely known in literature under the pseudonym of John Phoenix.)

1851. First government exploration under Captain L. Sitgreaves. (Government Printing Office, Washington, 1853.)

1852, December. First steamboat on the Colorado, the *Uncle Sam*, Captain Turnbull.

1854-1861. Period of pioneer settlement and establishment of American military posts. No attempt at civic organization.

1854, January. Second steamboat, the *General Jesup*, Captain Johnson. (Boiler burst in August.)

Pacific Railway survey on the thirty-fifth parallel, under Lieutenant A. W. Whipple, U. S. A. (Report published, Washington, 1856.)

June 30. Proclamation of the "Gadsden purchase," transferring additional territory to the United States and re-adjusting the Mexican boundary to include Mesilla valley, etc. (Price \$10,000,000.)

August 4. The Gadsden purchase added to New Mexico by Congress.

1855. Adjustment of boundary line with Mexico. Major (afterward General) W. H. Emory, commissioner for the United States; José Salazar Ilarregin for Mexico.

Continuous steam navigation established.

1856. Henry A. Crabb, of California, leads a filibusters' expedition into Mexico. He is defeated and killed.

1858. First newspaper published at Tubac, *The Weekly Arizonian*. Discovery of gold placers on the Gila river; mining towns established.

1860, April 2-5. Constitutional convention at Tucson. Provisional government established, with Dr. L. S. Owings, of Mesilla, as governor.

1861, August. Secession. A convention held at Tucson declares Arizona a part of the Southern confederacy and elects a delegate to its congress.

Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor, C. S. A., invades Arizona from Texas. Retreat of United States garrisons. The Apaches murder all settlers remaining.

1862. Captain Hunter, C. S. A., takes possession of Tucson for the Southern confederacy.

1862, May. The "California column," under Colonel James H. Carleton, drives out the confederates, re-garrisons United States posts, and holds Arizona for the Union.

Mining towns on the Gila destroyed by floods.

1863, February 24. Arizona made a United States territory, with the capital at Tucson, John N. Goodwin, governor.

1864. Four counties formed; namely, Pima, Yuma, Mojave, and Yavapai. Mining laws of Arizona published at Prescott.

1865. Richard C. McCormick, governor. Publication at Prescott of the "Howell Code."

1868. Mormon colonization movement begins.

1869. Adventurous trip of Major J. W. Powell down the Colorado. (Washington, 1875.)

1869-1877. A. P. K. Safford, governor.

1870. Population by United States census, 9,658. Town site of Phoenix surveyed, but Apache raids prevented permanent settlement.

1871. Maricopa county formed.

1871. Massacre of Camp Grant. Many Apaches killed by citizens.

General George Crook begins operations against the Indians. (See *On the Border with Crook*, by Captain J. G. Bourke, U. S. A., Scribner's, 1891.) Futile peace negotiations by Vincent Colyer.

1871-1878. Surveys of Captain George M. Wheeler, U. S. A. (Reports United States Geological Survey.)

1872. "The Diamond Hoax." A district supposed to be in Arizona, but really in Colorado, "salted" with diamonds. Fraud exposed by Clarence King.

1875. Pinal county organized. Narrative of Chas. D. Poston published.

1877-1878. John P. Hoyt, acting governor. Prescott made the capital.

1878. The Southern Pacific Railway reaches the border of the territory.

1879. Apache county formed.

1879-1881. John Charles Fremont governor.

1880. Population by United States census, 40,440. The Southern Pacific Railroad reaches Tucson.

1881. Cochise, Graham, and Gila counties formed.

1881-1882. John J. Gosper, acting governor.

1882-1883. The Apaches break from their reservation and renew hostilities, but are subdued by General Crook.

1882-1885. Frederick A. Tritle, governor.

1883. Completion of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroad to the Colorado river.

1885-1889. C. Meyer Zulick, governor.

1886. Territorial Normal School established at Tempe, Maricopa county.

1886. Practical subjugation of the

Apaches by United States force under General Crook.

1889, January 24. Act passed by the legislature removing the territorial capital from Prescott to Phoenix, Maricopa county. (See February 4, 1890.)

1889. Lewis Wolfley, governor.

1890. Indian outbreak; many settlers killed.

1890. Population by United States census, 59,691.

1890, February 4. Phoenix, Maricopa county, becomes the territorial capital. (Act of January 24, 1889.)

1890, September. Resignation of Governor Wolfley; Nathan O. Murphy, acting governor until October.

1891-1895. John N. Irwin, governor.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(To be continued)

MINOR TOPICS

HON. FRANCIS AQUILA STOUT

In the death of Mr. Stout, suddenly from pneumonia, at the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay, New York, July 18, 1892, the American Geographical Society has lost its senior vice-president, and one of its ablest and most efficient supporters. Mr. Stout was educated as an engineer in Paris and as a barrister in New York; he was one of the founders and commissioners of the New York State Survey, and formerly president of the Nicaragua canal company; was one of the commissioners to the French Exposition in 1889, and one of the vice-presidents of the Geographical Congress at Berne in 1891. The *Galignani Messenger*, Paris, France, says of him: "Possessing an ample fortune he devoted himself assiduously to scientific studies, and to charitable works, and was president and director of many important charitable associations in New York. His vigorous intellect, his large experience, his varied culture, his charming manners, and his honorable character, won him a multitude of warm friends both in America and Europe, who will deeply feel his loss. Mr. Stout belonged to a historic family. His paternal grandfather owned and resided in the famous Philipse manor-house, now the city hall of Yonkers. His maternal gréat-grandfather, Colonel Lewis Morris, signed the Declaration of Independence, whose grandfather, Richard Morris, was founder of the manor of Morrisania. Mr. Stout's great-granduncles were General Staats Long Morris, M. P. and governor of Quebec, who married the duchess of Gordon; and Gouverneur Morris, a member of the Continental Congress, assistant minister of finance in the Revolution, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, and minister to France in the trying period from 1791 to 1794. It was Gouverneur Morris who endeavored to save the life of Louis XVI., failing in which he loaned two hundred thousand francs to Louis Philippe, and performed many other generous acts toward the French people. Mr. Stout married the eldest daughter of General Meredith Read, great-great-granddaughter of George Read the signer of Independence, who survives him, also his widowed mother at the age of eighty-seven in full possession of her vigorous faculties, and a sister, Madame de Vaugrigneuse, widow of Baron de Vaugrigneuse, formerly French charge d'affaires at various European courts."

THE EXHIBIT OF AMERICAN HISTORY

One of the largest exhibits at the World's Fair, and one that will give great satisfaction, is that of American history, from the earliest archæological times to

to-day. It is in charge of Professor Putnam, of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Harvard University, and will occupy the large space of one hundred and sixty thousand feet in the building of manufactures and the liberal arts. The exhibit will include archæology, history, cartography, and a Latin-American bureau, together with various collective and isolated exhibits. The archæological exhibit will be specially interesting. Until lately, it was thought that man was of far more recent origin in America than in Europe, but some late discoveries have proved to the contrary, and the oldest traces of mankind on earth have been found in America.

The second prehistoric period will be represented by objects from shell heaps, ancient village sites, burial places, mounds, earthworks, ancient pueblos, cliff houses, caves, and the ruined cities of Mexico, Central and South America, etc. The most distinctive earthworks and mounds of the central portion of this country, to which Professor Putnam has given special study, will be represented by sets of accurate models. Various state historical societies will make valuable contributions in this line. Portions of the famous great stone structures of Central America, Mexico and South America will be shown in actual reproduction from molds, with their elaborately artistic architecture. There will also be plans, photographs and paintings, illustrating many details, together with casts and photographs of inscribed tablets. A reproduction of the great "Portal of Labna" will form an imposing entrance to one portion of the exhibit. The material collected this year by the Peabody Museum Honduras expedition, including molds of the enormous monoliths and altars of the ancient ruins of Copan, elaborately ornamented with figures in high relief and strange hieroglyphs, will be loaned.

Much will depend upon what the Latin-American countries will do in this matter; for with proper coöperation from them, we may hope for a brilliant display. The ethnological section will show the primitive modes of life, customs and arts of the Esquimaux, Indians, Aztecs, and other natives. There will be representatives of the tribes of four hundred years ago, and of every Indian tribe living to-day.

The historical section will illustrate not only our political history but our artistic, architectural, etc., development; the inventions made; changes from the early log-cabin—of which there will be a perfect fac-simile—to the palaces of to-day; and from the primitive furniture to that now in use. In fine, there will be a complete exhibit of the history of America, there being but one limitation, that all exhibits relating to the civil war are to be excluded—perhaps a wise action.

When we consider that the exposition is held for the purpose of commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America and to show the progress the country has made during these four centuries, it must be frankly admitted that this is the most important exhibit of all, and it is fortunate that it promises to be so complete and satisfactory.—*The Times-Democrat*, New Orleans.

WISCONSIN'S PRICELESS HISTORIC TREASURES

The state Historical Society of Wisconsin is the trustee of the state, and is in many respects on the same footing as the state bureaus. In the management of this society no consideration is given politics, it being absolutely free from political control. It is a great public institution in which all take pride, and which embraces a membership made up of all shades of political and religious opinion. Those who visit the library expecting to find current literature stacked upon its shelves will be disappointed. The collection is purely historical. It is a great reference collection, the finest in some respects on this continent. It contains treasures that money could not buy stored away for the information of posterity—rare manuscripts, books and papers of inestimable value. From the files of Wisconsin newspapers a pretty fair history of the state might be compiled. In them are printed the tales and reminiscences of the pioneer antedating the advent of the press in the state. The old-fashioned advertisements tell the simple story of commerce in the days when men traded for value received, and when grain was bought and sold without knowledge of option trading. What people ate, drank and wore, what it cost to live and to die and be buried before the advent of railroads in the wilderness, or steamboats upon the lakes, can be found in the old territorial prints. And there is a wealth of them in these historical rooms.

In the eighty-five thousand volumes which line the shelves of the library are many rare books. The collection of seventy thousand pamphlets is almost as valuable, while the gallery of portraits and curios enchains attention. But the student of Dutch literature will find the Tank library the greatest collection of its kind on the continent. It is principally in the Dutch language, and was given the society in 1866 by Mrs. Otto Tank, now deceased, of Fort Howard, Wisconsin. The books, some five thousand, came to her by will of her father, and cost the society nothing except the freight from Amsterdam, where Mr. Van der Meulen died. Many are finely illustrated, and nearly half of them are bound in vellum and printed on paper that will hold the fadeless ink for ages. There are old editions of the classics, atlases, charts, several Bibles, historical works, early lexicons, religious prints, etc. The oldest printed book owned by the society is the sermons of Albert Magnus, issued at Cologne in 1474. Surely the art of printing was born full grown, for this rare old work, issued but nineteen years later than the first printed book in existence (dated 1455), can be studied by type founders with profit to-day, after four hundred and eighteen years of progress in the art. A medical treatise by Savonarola in 1479, and a rosary of sermons by Bernardino in 1503, *The Nuremburg Chronicle*, a huge six-hundred-page hogskin-bound folio, with twenty-two hundred and fifty illustrations by Wohlgemuth, printed in 1493, are also worthy the time given in seeing and describing. Possibly the *Chronicle* is the quaintest book in existence. It purports to be a history of the world from

the advent of man to the day of judgment, and the illustrations of what has been and is to come are simply indescribable. The prophetic and religious thought stands at a wonderfully higher level now than when the compilers of this old curiosity lived and dreamed.

Of the Lyman Draper collection of old manuscripts one might study it for years and not exhaust the subject. Very few of these have been published, but it doubtless will some day find an editor. They cover the entire history of the struggle for the northwest from the first fight (1742) with the Indians in the Virginia valley to the battles in 1813-14, when the Creeks were vanquished, and in one of which Tecumseh was sent to the happy hunting grounds.

The society is rich in autographs and letters from the famous men of America. The most notable collection is that of the signers of the declaration of independence and the constitution. There are but twenty-two complete sets of these in the world, and it is scarcely possible that another can at this late day be added. The first set was completed in 1835 by Dr. Sprague, of Albany, after twenty years of labor. It took sixty years of research to secure the sets now completed, these consisting not merely of signatures, but comprising letters or other documents inscribed by these old patriots, whose memories will live as long as the nation endures. The society is especially strong in Wisconsin documents, old merchandise accounts, books, etc. Of fur trade manuscripts alone there are about one hundred and twenty thick folios, which form quite a storehouse of information of value regarding pioneer families and early days. The society has published eleven five-hundred-page volumes of Wisconsin historical collections, and these will be added to as data accumulate.

The ethnological museum and the portrait gallery are places of absorbing interest, but the bound files of old newspapers are the centre of attraction. Dating from 1720 to this morning one may here study an unbroken series of American and foreign newspaper files. The thread of continuity has been preserved for a period covering about one hundred and seventy years. Publishers and publications have come and gone, but the records of the years and of their labors are here preserved so that some files cover every day of the time. About five thousand five hundred of these files are of papers printed outside of the state; many of them are from various foreign countries. In most cases the files date with the first issue of the papers and often end with the last, for newspapers, like men, have both a beginning and an end. The oldest American newspaper, if it can be so classed, that is shown at Madison is a religious weekly. It is a four-page leaflet in make-up, styled the *Philadelphia Independent Whig*. The numbers are from January to December, 1720, and bound in one thin volume. The modest editor says he wishes that others more gifted had essayed his task, but as they had failed of their duty his was clear. He was bound to reform the people, as they needed religious reformation very badly. His paper is filled with lay sermons and advertisements of religious books and tracts, in which the depth and intensity of the fires of Hades were

given occasional mention. Next in point of age comes the Boston *Gazette*, weekly, of February 17, 1724. This paper was right up to time with news from Paris, its advices being only six months old and dated August 14, 1723. Its London budget left that historic town just one month later. The first copy of the old Boston *Gazette* was issued Monday, December 21, 1719, but the Historical society does not possess that number.

The first newspaper printed on Wisconsin soil, then a part of the territory of Michigan, was the Green Bay *Intelligencer*. The initial number of this semi-monthly was issued December 11, 1833, and the editors were J. V. Suydam and A. V. Ellis. Navarino was the point of publication, and the *Intelligencer* was a very creditable four-column folio, neat typographically and well edited. The editors state that the "advancement of the interests of the country west of Lake Michigan" is their object in going into the newspaper business, and promise to issue the paper weekly "after navigation opens," if they are favored with due support. They spell it "Wiskonsin" and have no space for local pick-ups or personals, but find room for a fair amount of display advertising. There are about two thousand volumes of Wisconsin newspapers in the library, and now every publication of value in the state is received for binding.

MOSES HOPKINS, OF CALIFORNIA

Achievement may or may not be in consequence of ability, for much depends upon environment. I was struck by the recent remark of a friend: "How I would enjoy some knowledge of an unknown Roman! I have heard so much about Cæsar and the rest of his kind that I am tired of it." This brings me to the threshold of a biographical study of a man of substantial prominence in the metropolis of the Pacific seaboard. The family name of Moses Hopkins is a part of the history of this western world. His lineage is traced through an unbroken line of ancestry to England, and members of the Hopkins family exercised an important influence on the early history of New England. Among the potent agencies which were felt for years in the formative period of civilization in California—and the present is a part of that period—that of Moses Hopkins was pronounced and far-reaching. It is for the interest of the state, and of mankind, that he should be known and remembered. He was born in 1818, and in 1851 went to California with his brother, Mark Hopkins, who was one of the pioneers to that land in 1849, and they had many ventures in common. To plan and start the work, and to keep it going and finish it, are two different kinds of energy; and if Mark was fertile in conception, Moses was not less able in performance. To go forward with confidence and vigor constituted the distinguishing trait in the character of Mark Hopkins, and perhaps entered as largely into his great success as a factor in the development of the Pacific coast as any other force.—HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT'S *Chronicle of the Builders*.

NOTES

GOVERNEUR MORRIS IN PARIS—On the 14th of December, 1789, Gouverneur Morris jotted the following in his diary: "At Madame de Chastellux's to-day we have a large breakfast party, and the Abbé Delille reads, or rather repeats, to us some of his verses, which are fine and well delivered. Go to the Louvre. The bishop is there; he mentions a plan for issuing *billets d'état*, bearing interest. I show him the folly of such a measure. He says it is a plan of Montesquieu's, to which I reply that as none of the plans likely to be adopted are good, they may as well take that of M. Necker, since otherwise they enable his friends to say that the mischief arises from not having followed his advice; that, besides, if paper money be issued, that of the Caisse is quite as good as any other. He says that by taking a bad step France may be ruined. I tell him that is impossible, and he may tranquillize himself about it; that whenever they resort to taxation credit will be restored, and, the credit once restored, it will be easy to put the affairs of the Caisse in order. Go to the Palais Royal, not having been able to leave Madame de Flahaut till four. I arrive when dinner is half over. After dinner the Abbé Delille entertains us with some further repetitions. Go to the club, and thence to the Comte de Moustier's. Sit awhile with him and Madame de Bréhan. Go together to Madame de Puisignieu's. Spend the evening. Conversation chiefly with De Moustier. I find that, notwithstanding public professions as to the public proceedings of America, both De

Moustier and Madame de Bréhan have a thorough dislike to the country and its inhabitants. The society of New York is not sociable, the provisions of America are not good, the climate is very damp, the wines are abominable, the people are excessively indolent."

CANADA WEATHER IN 1777—In a private letter, from an officer in Canada, dated March 9, 1777, the writer says: "Canadians unite in declaring that they have never experienced such a winter as the one we have just passed through. As for ourselves, we have noticed no perceptible difference between the cold here and that of our own country, though we were astonished at the even temperature. Since the 27th of last November, when we had our first snow and ice, we have had neither rain nor thaw; in consequence of which the snow and ice have been with us ever since. There have been numerous and heavy falls of fine, dry snow, which seldom last longer than twelve hours. It can therefore easily be imagined that the earth becomes covered with ice and snow to a depth of five or six feet. The natural weight of the snow, and the sun, which is warmer in Canada than with us at home, contract the snow into a solid mass, upon which you can walk, and ride, if necessary, on cold days."—*Revolutionary Letters*, translated by Wm. L. Stone.

TEACHING HISTORY—The following suggestions are the result of wide experience, and come to us from a notable

teacher: "Bear constantly in mind that the mere statement of historic facts will create no interest. Do not require your pupil to recite in the exact language of the text-book. An event always has a cause; you should induce your class to find the immediate, material, remote, and original cause of an important event in every instance where practicable, and thus teach intelligently the principles of research after truth. Make thinkers of your pupils, and encourage inquiry at all times. The conversational method in

the class is usually an advantage, as it awakens enthusiasm and obviates the dullness of simple recitation. Study history, from time to time, through biography. Be prepared at all hours to assist your pupils in the acquisition of the knowledge of civil government. Call attention to the dates of great events through the celebration of their anniversaries. Encourage reading by selecting and recommending the clearest and most simply written historical books and essays."

QUERIES

GREAT LITERARY MEN AMONG THE ANCIENTS—*Editor Magazine of American History*: Will you or some of your readers, through your priceless magazine, inform me who stated that the greatest Pelasgian was Homer; the greatest Hebrew, Isaiah; the greatest Roman, Juvenal; the greatest Italian, Dante; and the greatest Briton, Shakespeare? And if the statement is supposed to be authoritative?

P. C. DILLINGWOOD
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

FIRST GREAT PAINTING IN THE WORLD—What picture is said to be the first picture in the world, and by whom was it painted?

TEACHER

MADISON, WISCONSIN

THE MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION—What is the most important invention ever made by man?

AMERICUS

BAR HARBOR

REPLIES

ORIGIN OF THE NAME CUBA [xxviii, 75, 152]—*To the Editor Magazine of American History*: In reply to the question by Mr. Ware, contained in the July number of your magazine, and in which he asks for the origin of the name Cuba, I have much pleasure in transmitting the following: The Indian name of the island was Cubanacan, which means, literally,

the middle or centre. The Spaniards dropped the termination *nacan*, and so Cuba remained.

R. M. BARTLEMAN

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES
CARACAS, July 19, 1892

THE TUB OF DIOGENES [xxviii, 75]—This tub was a great earthen jar that

had been thrown away after much use in holding wine or oil for the sacrifices of the temple. It was long enough and large enough for Diogenes to lie in it at full length, and he kept house in it, so to speak. As Diogenes was a Greek philosopher who lived about 470 B.C., and wrote a work on *Nature*, it is interesting to note his philosophy of life at that early period in the world's history. When he went to Athens he visited and studied with Antisthenes, the founder of a society of philosophers called "Cynics"—the Greek word meaning "like a dog"—the members being severely democratic, despising the riches and arts of life. Diogenes dressed in the coarsest of clothing, and accustomed himself to endure all sorts of hardships: in order to be able to bear both heat and cold, he rolled himself in the hot sand in summer, and in winter embraced statues covered with snow. His whim of living in an old discarded jar was not his whim alone. The poor are said to have used

such vessels for dwellings before and after his time. Diogenes would often walk out in mid-day with a lighted lantern, peering round as if looking for something, and when questioned would answer gravely: "I am searching for an honest man." One morning Alexander the Great saw him sitting in his tub in the sunshine, and in an arrogant tone said: "I am Alexander the Great." The philosopher curtly replied: "I am Diogenes the cynic." Alexander inquired if he could do him any service. "Yes," said Diogenes, "don't stand between me and the sun." Alexander, much surprised, remarked: "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." The philosopher was once captured by pirates, and offered for sale as a slave in the market in Crete. Some buyer asked him what he could do. "I can govern men," was his prompt reply, "and should be sold to some one who wants a master."

WORTHINGTON HAREBELL

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

The coming Columbian Exposition has now assumed proportions that the wildest stretch of imagination could hardly have anticipated a few months ago. The nation is deeply involved in its success, and the whole world is vigorously preparing to participate in its developments. Even in prospect it is vividly bringing to the front in every variety of pictorial and written language the knowledge that was possessed by the early discoverers of this western continent; and the extraordinary enthusiasm that is pervading every class of society, from ocean to ocean, is but the simple and eloquent expression of American intelligence and appreciation. The light which is being turned on to illuminate the centuries gone by will shine into the future with a brilliancy little anticipated by the projectors of this gigantic celebration.

Patriotism is a simple but very musical word of four syllables. The small boy defined it as "loving me-self lots," and when its meaning was carefully explained to him, he asked wonderingly and innocently, "isn't me-self me-country?" It may be that children of mature growth sometimes misplace self in their estimate of services for the public welfare; possibly have learned the little couplet by heart at some period of their early education:

"Be self your first and greatest care,
From all reproach the darling spare,"

and unify themselves so completely with their country as to lose the power to distinguish the relative magnitudes of the two ingredients. Heroism is consciousness of might. Patriotism is the use of power for the defense of country irrespective of self-interest. It is love in its highest and best sense, directed to the noblest of all objects. In the language of one of our greatest divines, "we are thrilled with a presentiment of the wider years and vaster ages of American history that are surely forward of us, and that in serious measure are to be determined in their character and in the quality of their pressure upon the world at large by living Americans. Civilization now has moved clear to the sunset. There remains no longer any new continent westward whither we can retreat in defeat, and try the experiment of civil liberty over again. All the world is congregating here, and the world's battles are to be fought to the finish here. A live American helps to make American history. A true American patriot helps to belt the globe with a better civilization. There is no work like that done at the constraint of long motives. Great achievement, like good sailing, is on the line of the great circles."

Patriotism should at this crisis take firm and ruling possession of every heart. It means more this year to be an American than ever before in our history. Things depreciate in the human mind in the ratio of the forgetfulness of their cost. It is well to brush up one's knowledge of American history; to become familiar with the country in its deep sleep of *unconsciousness*, when no voice disturbed its silence but that of the bird, the savage and the storm. What of those bold navigators who ventured in the vast un-

known? Compare that early picture with the sweeping inundation of population, civilization and commerce, and note the terrific energies that have been at work for four hundred years! Look at the great Chicago Exposition, if you please, in all its magnificence! You have the two views thus placed in juxtaposition—the successive glimpses of one continuous history—an eloquent and impressive lesson.

It is not enough that the schools are devoting more time and attention this year to American history than ever before. Every community and clique in the land should take it up in its literary and historical societies and clubs, if it has any, or in its social circles. The patriotic organizations of men and women should look to this, and show by their activity and usefulness that they are really what they claim to be, patriotic. If they wish to honor the founders of the country, now is their opportunity. If they wish America, their own beautiful country, to hold its proud place among the nations of the earth, now is the time to lend their influence, their efforts, and their material aid. We live under the only government that ever existed which was framed by the unrestrained and deliberate consultations of the people. We are reminded that we are in the presence of a commanding past. History is but a series of tales of men and women, says one. Yet not to know even such tales places us at great disadvantage, says another. Natural abilities, be they ever so great, will always do better with information. The true spirit of patriotism forces its way to recognition and commands attention through its magnificent accomplishments. Organizations can always do more than individuals. In this great tide of patriotism sweeping over the country let there be no friction, no heart-burnings, no jealousies; let organizations unite in one common cause. There is a larger incentive in a consolidated community and much greater enthusiasm than several communities can produce in themselves. The spirit of love and brotherhood is the genuine outcome of patriotism.

Columbus is beginning to rise before us more real and extraordinary than when we responded to the all-important question in childhood, "Who discovered America?" As ordinarily instructed what primary pupil has any possible interest in Columbus or his discovery? A New York school-teacher vouches for the following as a bona-fide composition written by an eleven-year-old boy in a Harlem grammar school, entitled "Columbus."

"Columbus discovered America in 1492 October 12.

The people was going to drowned Columbus when they did not see no land he had three voyages.

They tooked three days and three nights to go to America.

Columbus discovered america as far as Columbus Avenue he could not go no farther."

The voyages of Columbus teem with romance and never-failing interest, and we trust the author of the above quotation has ere this learned something concerning them to touch his heart and memory and show him that it was no commonplace event that made the existence of New York and Columbus avenue possible. The time is drawing near when the advent of Columbus is to be celebrated in all the schools of all the states. What sort of compositions will the boys and girls write after that? Will not the teachers give them a few extra lessons in advance, and make them understand the significance of the occasion and the bearing of the discovery of America upon the progress of the world? Any child of eleven years is old enough to appreciate the magnitude of the first voyage, when nothing whatever was known of the size of the earth and the perils of ocean sailing.

Emilio Castelar, the famous scholar and orator of Spain, occupant of the chair of history and philosophy for many years at Madrid, who has written so ably and well of Columbus in the *Century*, says, "When Columbus, greatest of discoverers, appears in an era when the intellects of men are ripening, and when mind and nature are becoming reconciled under the influence of religious and scientific reformation, his personality stands out in such exact proportions, drawn in colors so bright that it can never be confounded with another, or be hidden behind the glamorous mists that hang around other prominent historic characters, who, less fortunate, have never, with all their worth, risen so high as Columbus rose, nor won what he won—universal remembrance and recognition. I attribute the historical good fortune of this portentous hero to his martyrdom; or, in other words, to the virtue and efficacy involved in the nature of suffering. That persistent struggle of the discoverer with superstition, prior to his wonderful success, and that other struggle, after his wonderful success, with his own errors and with ingratitude encircled his brow with a crown of thorns, of which every barb that pierced his temples while he lived became at his death a shining ray of glory."

Alluding to the fabulous aspects of the career of Columbus, Emilio Castelar says, "I attribute the exceptional treatment of Columbus to the fact that discoveries and discoverers exert a potent influence upon the imagination; and yet they hold a lesser place in popular history than statesmen or warriors. How much more important would it be to know who invented the flour-mill than to know who won the battle of Arbela! The fact is that, comparing the volumes devoted to statecraft and to war with those treating of labor and industry, one is astounded and dismayed at the incredible disproportion. I can understand why this should have been so in ages when manual toil was considered degrading, and when trade, relegated to the common sort, who were politically debarred from coping with the patrician classes, was despised. But even in our day, transcendently the age of labor and of industry, while the names of great commanders are borne on the world-wide wings of fame, those of discoverers fall with the utmost ease into ungrateful oblivion. For one Galvani, one Franklin, one Daguerre, one Edison who has spread his renown among all classes and stamped an invention forever with his name, what a vast number of unremembered or unknown glories! The peoples of the future will not be so ungrateful. Without the astrolabe, invented by the Arab schools of Cordova and Seville for the study of the heavens; without the science of algebra, so greatly facilitating the labor of calculation; without the mariner's compass, which fixes a sure point to guide the bark lost in the infinitude of sky and sea; without the printing-press, which within a short half-century after its invention had already become a potent auxiliary to the development of the human intellect; the discovery of the New World—itsself the logical result of a slow but sure evolution, wrought out in successive stages like all great human achievements, and not by sudden chance—could never have taken place."

BOOK NOTICES

MEMORIAL HISTORY OF UTICA, NEW YORK, FROM ITS SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME. Edited by M. M. BAGG, M.D. Royal octavo, pp. 736. Syracuse, New York, 1892: D. Mason & Co.

It is well known that Dr. Bagg wrote, some seventeen years ago, the only history of the city of Utica that has heretofore appeared in print, and it is pleasant to find that he has incorporated much of that interesting material, in an abbreviated form, into this more extended and handsome volume. The early history of Utica is exceedingly interesting. Dr. Bagg begins with old Fort Schuyler and "Cosby's manor," which formed a part of what was known as German flats in Montgomery county, and introduces the procession of settlers coming from New England and elsewhere. The growth of the little town was slow for many years, but substantial at every step. In 1789 arrived one of the most remarkable men that new countries are apt to produce, Peter Smith, the father of the celebrated Gerrit Smith, and he first bought for himself a log-house with a few pounds of Bohea tea. By the year 1798 Utica had become a pretty village of some fifty houses, which stood mostly on a single street parallel to the river. In the spring of this year it received a new christening, with a village charter. Dr. Bagg says that Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., president of Yale College, visited the place that summer, and wrote of it: "Utica is built on the spot where Fort Schuyler formerly stood. Its site is the declivity of the hill which bounds the valley of the Mohawk, and here slopes easily and elegantly to the river. The houses (about fifty) stand almost all on a single street. The settlers are almost wholly traders and mechanics, and it is said that their business has already become considerable. Their expectations of future prosperity are raised to the highest pitch, and not a doubt is entertained that this village will at no great distance of time become the emporium of all the commerce carried on between the ocean and a vast interior. They labor (however) under one serious disadvantage. The lands on which they live are chiefly owned by persons who reside at a distance, and who refuse to sell or to rent them, except on terms which are exorbitant."

In April, 1805, the second village charter was granted to Utica, and Dr. Bagg traces the growth and development of the place until it received its third village charter in 1824, and was triumphantly incorporated into a city in 1832. The influence of the Erie Canal upon the progress and prosperity of Utica is clearly shown. We have in this excellent and well-

prepared volume what may truthfully be called the biography of Utica, irrespective of the numerous biographies of its principal men with which the work abounds. Many citizens of Utica bore a conspicuous part in the civil war, not least among whom was Governor Horatio Seymour, whose portrait and an extended biography grace the volume. The schools, churches, financial institutions, the courts, charities, libraries, manufactures, street railways, and whatever is involved in the healthful development of such a city, finds a place in Dr. Bagg's narrative. The fifteenth chapter is entitled "The Press," and opens with the earliest newspaper issue of Utica, the *White-stone Gazette*, commenced in July, 1793, a copy of which—its initial number—is in possession of the Oneida Historical Society; Dr. Bagg then gives a general account of all the principal Utica newspapers down to date. The chapter on the "Bench and the Bar of Utica" is perhaps one of the most readable and valuable in the volume, the sketches of Chief Justice Joshua A. Spencer, Judge William I. Bacon, Roscoe Conkling, Judge Greene C. Bronson, and many others, having been ably and discriminatingly written. Part I. contains the narrative history of Utica in 632 pages. Part II. embraces 94 pages devoted to brief biographical sketches. The work contains some fifty-five steel-plate portraits of Utica's prominent men, and other illustrations of interest. The work is, as a whole, a most valuable contribution to the history of the state of New York.

THE OLD SOUTH. Essays, Social and Political. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Pp. 344. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

Mr. Page's stories and essays have within a few years won him an enviable reputation as a writer for the magazines, and no doubt the present volume, in which eight of the best of them are issued in book form, will be favorably received by the public. Several of the essays here collected were, as the author informs us, delivered as addresses before literary societies, and to use his own words, "revision has not wholly availed to clear them from the rhetoric which insensibly crept into them." One and all, they have to do more or less with that "Old South" of former days, which will be remembered as the feudal period of American history. Mr. Page is very strong in descriptive power. His pictures of plantation life in its best phases are altogether charming; and even a New-Englander cannot but recognize their beauty. Such a reader, however, cannot help reflecting when

told that the "Old South" has lain long under a misapprehension, that such misapprehensions are almost common property. Yankee and Fire-eater alike are convinced that their respective sections are misunderstood and misrepresented. So probably it will be till the end of the chapter; but generations are growing up now that are far more catholic in tastes and more temperate in judgment than were those who faced one another in battle thirty years ago. There were vital and irreconcilable differences then between the social systems of Virginia and Massachusetts, but they have drawn nearer together now, and another half century will see perhaps only friendly rivalries like those that subsist to-day on English cricket fields between Lancashire and York. Such writers as Miss Wilkins and Mr. Page can do much to remove the asperities of the past, but neither can reasonably hope that the other will admit wilful misrepresentation as among the sins of their forefathers.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

From the Earliest Times to 1885. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. Crown 8vo, pp. 1023. Three volumes complete in one, with 378 illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. 1892.

This work is intended for schools where the pupils already have an elementary knowledge of the main facts of English history, and it is excellent in every respect. It is much more comprehensive than most books of its class, and is so skillfully and clearly written, and made withal so interesting, that any student of average ability may read it for itself, not merely as a text-book. It is brought down to 1885, though the last eleven years, from 1874, is little more than a terse record of facts, omitting any expression of the author's views. A word should be said of the illustrations, which are remarkably good, while in order to secure the best portraits of famous men and women the historian has sought and obtained permission to reproduce many paintings held in private collections. Two such portraits are engraved from pictures in Queen Victoria's gallery at Windsor Castle, with her permission, while Earl Spencer, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Warwick, and a number of other noblemen and gentlemen have contributed from their collections. The absence of maps in the volume is compensated by the preparation of a *School Atlas of English History*, edited by Mr. Gardiner himself and intended as a companion to this work, which contains, in addition to historic maps of the British Isles, many of continental countries, or districts connected more or less closely with English history.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE. With a History of his Literary, Political, and Religious Career in America, France, and England. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Two volumes 8vo, pp. 380, 489. New York; London, 1892: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"There has been a sad absence of magnanimity among eminent historians and scholars in dealing with Paine," says Mr. Conway in his preface to these volumes, adding the forcible words: "In writing the *Life of Paine* I have not been saved much labor by predecessors in the same field. The interest that led me to the subject has increased at every step: the story has abounded in thrilling episodes and dramatic surprises." Mr. Conway's enthusiasm in any literary undertaking, as well as his freedom from partisan prejudice, is well known, and he has produced a biography creditable alike to the author and the enlightened age in which we live. It has been a difficult and a very laborious task to get at the historical truth about Paine, and place him before the world as he really was. As a part of Paine's unhappy destiny, it would seem that the calumnies of his enemies formed public opinion concerning him. Yet he did not owe all his misfortunes to such malice or the apathy of friends. With all his political and financial ability, he evidently had not the capacity to administer his own affairs wisely, that is, according to purely worldly standards. He might have laid the foundations of a handsome fortune with the profits of his famous pamphlet *Common Sense*, but he chose to make a virtual gift of it to this country. The result was, that after more than two hundred thousand copies had been sold he found himself indebted to the publisher. He did not understand human nature, or he would have known better than to put dependence upon public gratitude. He really believed that it was unnecessary to make any provision for his own future, and that the people he had helped to save would take care of him. What must have been the thoughts of Washington's friend and companion at Valley Forge when, a few years after "the time that tried men's souls," he found himself hooted and pelted in the very vicinity of Trenton? Mr. Conway gives a graphic sketch of Paine's early life and Quaker training in England, and shows its influence upon his subsequent career. "He was born in a time semi-barbaric at its best, and savage at its worst. When he was a lad the grand gentlemen who purloined parks and mansions from the Treasury were sending children to the gallows for small thefts instigated by hunger. In his thirteenth year Paine might have seen the execution of Amy Hutchinson (ten miles away), aged seventeen, for poisoning her husband—her face and hands smeared with tar and having a garment daubed with pitch; after a short prayer

the executioner strangled her, and twenty minutes after the fire was kindled and burnt half an hour.' Against the prevailing savagery a human protest was rarely heard outside the Quaker meeting." Paine himself says, in some of his casual reminiscences: "My parents were not able to give me a shilling beyond what they gave me in education. My father being of the Quaker profession, it was my good fortune to have an exceeding good moral education. The natural bent of my mind was to science. I happened when a school-boy to pick up a pleasing natural history of Virginia, and my inclination from that day of seeing the western side of the Atlantic never left me."

Paine came to America a few years before the Revolution. He had a letter from Franklin to Franklin's son-in-law, Richard Bache, and was not slow to make his way. He soon wrote his *Common Sense*, which, as Barlow afterward declared, "gave spirit and resolution to the Americans, who were then wavering and undetermined, to assert their rights." Barlow further said, though with no little exaggeration, that the cause "owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington." Mr. Conway reminds us that Paine's assistance to the cause was great in other ways. He not only enlisted and went into battle, but wrote some eighteen pamphlets that sold by the thousand, and gave the copyrights to the country. In securing the aid given by France, Paine also had a large share. But Paine had no worldly prudence. Wherever he saw a wrong he attacked it, and he let the consequences take care of themselves. Of course, this made him enemies, and tended to blight his career, a career which might be described as a career of making and then throwing away brilliant opportunities. It was not possible for the author of *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason* to avoid persecution or to live a happy life. The British government hated him, and stirred up the clergy to pursue him with rancor. In France he was handicapped by his ignorance of the language; and he entirely missed the deep significance of the true Christian doctrine of the sacrifice of Christ. He thought himself a reformer, and like all reformers overestimated the value of his own religious opinions. Yet his life is full of pathos, and his philanthropy was genuine. Mr. Conway has performed his task conscientiously and impartially, presenting a collection of facts that tell their own stories, and he is to be congratulated on his vigorous industry in seeking rare data and for the genuine excellence of this elaborate work.

THE KANSAS CONFLICT. By CHARLES ROBINSON, ex-Governor of Kansas. 12mo, pp. 487. New York: Harper Brothers. 1892.

Following closely upon Thayer's *Kansas Crusade*, and indeed dedicated to the author of

that work, comes what may be regarded perhaps as the most important, if not the concluding, personal history of that remarkable struggle. Ex-Governor Robinson gives two reasons for writing his experiences—first, the solicitations of friends, and secondly, his own conviction that no one has yet written a true history of the Free State party. The author is a man of strong personality, a born leader, and does not hesitate upon occasion to denounce the acts even of John Brown himself. "Had the pioneers of Kansas," he says, "failed to make her a free state, slavery to-day would have been national and freedom sectional." The statement is rather startling, but may very probably have a considerable grain of truth in it. Certain it is that in the Kansas conflict the dominant party, as it then existed, met its first serious check, and the Civil War that followed was the direct sequel of the "free soil" campaign. Governor Robinson's style is admirably adapted to his narrative, and his account of those half-forgotten days will prove most interesting to any one who may care to read of genuine pioneer life from the hand of a man who had a leading part therein.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY. By JOHN WITHER-
SPON DUBOSE. Octavo, pp. xvi + 752. Birmingham, Alabama: Roberts & Son. 1892.

Political Parties, 1834-1864, is the side-cover title of this handsome octavo, which bears within the imprint, somewhat unfamiliar to northern readers, of an Alabama publishing house. It is an evidence of the awakening enterprise of the New South that such a work can be issued with a not unreasonable confidence in a remunerative demand from collectors of important contributions to our political history. During the momentous decade that preceded the Civil War, the name of William L. Yancey was a synonym at the South for patriotic statesmanship, and at the North—at least among the anti-slavery element—for all that was most objectionable in southern partisanship. The period covered by his active public life included the inception and culmination of those great sectional interests that have resulted in a union of states more powerful, and probably more enduring, than any that has ever before existed under a popular form of government. The author has naturally surveyed his field of work with a mind somewhat predisposed in favor of the southern view of the questions involved, and doubtless there may be many among his readers who will be inclined to take issue with him, where—as must always be the case in questions touching international interests—facts, authorities, and conclusions are alike in dispute. Mr. DuBose has manifestly devoted many years of

laborious study and research to the preparation of the work in hand, and from first to last he evinces a desire to be fair, even when, as in the great questions touching the sovereignty of states, the march of events has decided against him. With these phases of his work, however, we need not concern ourselves. The volume is a biography, and as such will no doubt stand forever as an authority to which students may confidently refer for information on matter not elsewhere to be found in such convenient shape.

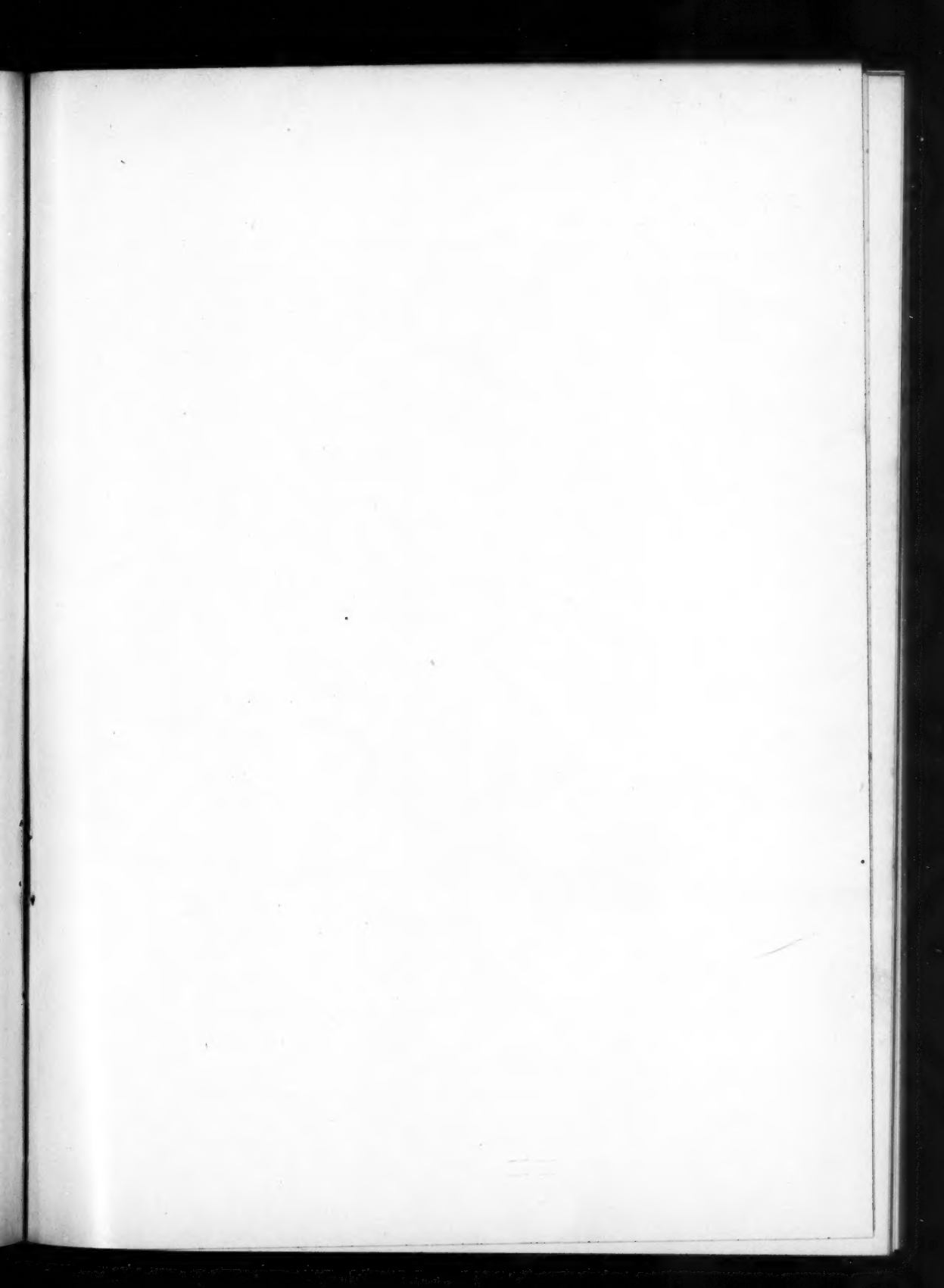
A brief sketch of Mr. Yancey may serve to indicate the important bearing that his life had on the events of his time. On his father's side he was of Welsh descent, four brothers having immigrated to Virginia in 1642. His mother, Caroline Bird, was of the prominent Virginian family of that name. He was born in Warren county, Georgia, August 10, 1814, and died at Montgomery, Alabama, July 27, 1863, just as it began to be evident, even to the most sanguine of the southern leaders, that the confederate cause was hopeless. Like nearly all young Southerners of talent and fortune, he early saw that politics offered the most attractive career, and that the law was the path that led naturally in that direction. His early manhood saw the rise and fall of the nullification heresy in South Carolina, and in 1841 he was elected to the legislature of Alabama, where he at once took an active part in the affairs of the day and laid the foundation of his fame as an orator. In 1844 Mr. Yancey was elected to congress, and from that time forward was identified with national affairs, and became more than any one man the recognized leader of the southern movement which resulted in the secession of the slave states and the disastrous war that desolated the South and ended negro slavery in the great American republic.

Mr. Yancey's career is full of meaning for the young men of our time. His speeches, here reported in their more noteworthy passages, present the argument for secession in its most seductive shape; and were it not for the inexorable verdict of defeat it might well seem to

the interested reader that the success of the South was a foregone conclusion—a logical necessity. The reading of Mr. Yancey's life does not afford quite the education that one would select for a young American of the present day; but, taken in connection with the disastrous failure of the cause that he so ably championed, it should teach a lesson of patriotism on both sides of the line that was once so deeply dyed with the best blood of the land.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS: A Popular Account of their Construction, Development, Management, and Appliances. By F. E. CHADWICK, U.S.N.; J. D. J. KELLY, U.S.N.; RIDGLEY HUNT, U.S.N.; JOHN H. GOULD, WILLIAM H. RIDEING, A. E. SEATON. With ninety-six illustrations. 8vo, pp. 298. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The value of such a work as the one before us is too apparent to need any special words of commendation. The volume has been designed for the general reader, and its information on a subject of the first interest will be welcomed all over the land. The chapters embrace such conspicuous features of the theme as "The Development of the Steamship"; "Speed in Ocean Steamers"; "The Building of an Ocean Greyhound"; "Ocean Passenger Travel"; "The Ship's Company"; "Safety on the Atlantic"; "The Ocean Steamship as a Freight Carrier"; and "Steamship Lines of the World." The illustrations are very effective in style and subject, and contribute largely to the pleasure and instruction of the student. The region of ice and its perils, for instance, is forcibly shown by a picture of a vessel among the icebergs; while the text discloses the source of field ice, the chief origin of the bergs, and the months when they are the most likely to appear. The earnest scholar will find himself within reach of a mine of important knowledge as he turns these handsome pages, particularly if he intends to make the tour of the world at any time in the future.





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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

VOL. XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1892

No. 4

HISTORIC HOMES AND LANDMARKS

WHITE PLAINS IN THE REVOLUTION

CENTRALLY located between the beautiful Hudson river on the one side and Long Island sound on the other, less than a dozen miles above the present city limits of the metropolis of the western continent, is a picturesque village that will always hold an honored place in American history. It is built on rolling land, with broad streets, and spacious gardens and grounds about its pretty dwellings, and is surrounded with hills of all sizes and shapes which have echoed to martial music and the roar of embattled hosts, and its whole surface is shaded more or less with venerable trees that might tell of many a heroic deed, if gifted with speech. It was the arena of some very important events in the early part of the Revolution touching the whole future of our country, and while very little for popular information has ever been published about the place, its name and its thrilling associations are well known to all historical scholars.

The aggressive measures of the British government which provoked the colonies into resistance form no part of the concern of this paper. The war had actually begun. The year 1775 had come and gone. The year 1776, one of the most romantic and remarkable years for its sequence of civil wonders in the history of the world, was rolling by. The greatest of all these civil wonders was the critical step from the past into the untried future through which the American colonies entered into the business of founding and governing a nation for themselves. Naturally, the public mind was intensely strained and apprehensive because of the undefined features of the new life in prospect, and the obstacles to be overcome in securing it. Never was there a community more blunderingly misapprehended than New York at this juncture. She stood out alone, as it were, a distinct character among the colonies. Possessing a certain vital force acquired unconsciously through ceaseless contentions with royal edicts, and with moderation, inflexibility, and an inherited predilection for republicanism, she instituted and conducted a self-organized government side by side with that of the king, from the birth of the